

The PRAIRIE RAMBLERS and PATSY MONTANA'S COLLECTION OF SONGS

30 COPYRIGHTED
SONGS

Including

"I WANT TO BE A COWBOY'S SWEETHEART"

"THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME"

With Guitar Diagrams



AS SUNG AND PLAYED ON
RADIO STATION

WLS

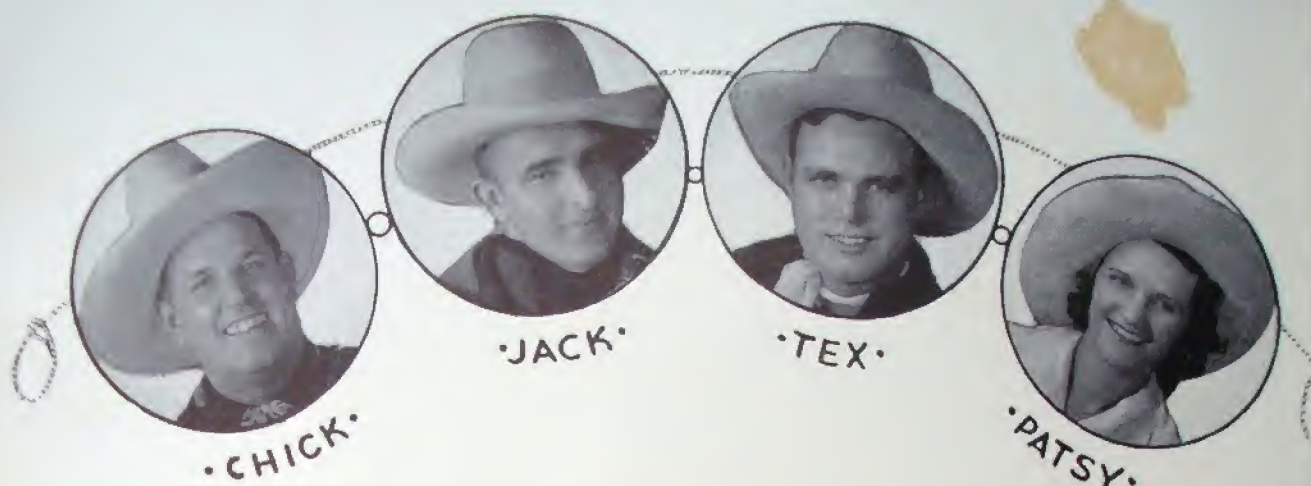
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



BOB MILLER, INC.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS

1019 Broadway
New York City, N. Y.



FOREWORD

The story of the Prairie Ramblers with Patsy Montana, reads like a Horatio Alger Book come to life.

Their meteoric rise to fame was made possible thru the facilities of Station W. L. S. of Chicago, that station which makes stars out of talented unknowns.

Here is a brief biography of the Ramblers and Patsy.

"Smiling" Charles (Chick) Hurt was born at Willow Shade, Ky., on the 11th day of May, 1905. Chick first won fame during his early schooldays by stumping off more toe nails than any of his school mates. When Chick was two years old, his beloved Mother was called to the great beyond, and his grandparents took up the duty of raising him. Chick always received a brand new suit when Grandma sold her chickens. And each fall, when Grandpa sold his tobacco crop, Chick would receive as a prize, a pair of brass toed brogan shoes. This always proved a good foundation for a growing youngster. And Grandpa also showed his affection by buying Chick an old guitar for \$1.00 at a public sale. And so Chick started his career as an entertainer. By the time he reached the age of five, Chick entertained real well at partys and socials. Since the organization of the Ramblers, Chick has also mastered the Mandolin and Banjo, which has proven so entertaining in their Records and Radio Programs.

"Happy" Jack Taylor was born Dec. 7th, 1905, in that peaceful little tobacco town known as Summer Shade, down in Kentucky. From the time he could walk, Jack learned all about tobacco, the burning of tobacco beds, setting out, harvesting and the grading of plants, so that they would become prize winners in the market. From the day of his birth, Jack heard music, Folk music that was handed down from generation to generation, commencing with the early pioneers. And today, Jack Taylor is an authority on traditional songs and dances. He has mastered the Banjo, Guitar and Bass.

Jack and Chick organized a band when they were young boys, but separated in 1917. Eleven years later, they organized again, and that was the beginning of the present Ramblers.

Shelby (Tex) Atchison was born at Rosene, Kentucky, Feb. 12th, 1912. Another famous man was born on that day, too, who was called Abe Lincoln, but of course, Abe was much older than Tex, and according to history, Abe could not play the fiddle left-handed, like Tex does.

When Tex was eight years old, he broke his right arm, while riding a small steer that belonged to his Dad, upon the insistence of his brother. Nevertheless, Tex is a master in his playing, and just as information, his fiddle is strung just the same as any other fiddle. He also plays Saxophone.

Lovely Little Patsy Montana is one of the outstanding girl singers in America. She is also classed among the best when it comes to writing songs. Her compositions are true to life, and come from the heart. We predict that some of her songs will live as long as songs are appreciated.

In stature, Patsy is "knee high to a duck," but in mentality and talent, she is a giant.

The Great Master has bestowed many blessings upon Patsy, but the greatest blessing given her, has been her darling little daughter, Beverly, who promises to follow in the footsteps of her lovely mother. Everybody loves Patsy.

Kenneth (Ken) Houchins, the newest member of the Ramblers, won fame as the "Yodeling Drifter". He is well versed in traditional songs and is an unusual good singer and musician. When the Ramblers decided to enlarge their organization, some of America's finest entertainers auditioned for the job. Kenneth Houchins, The Yodeling Drifter was the one chosen, and has proven beneficial, helping to make the Ramblers one of the best balanced groups in America.

In conclusion, The Publishers want to express their appreciation to the officials of State W. L. S. of Chicago, for their unselfish help in helping to compile this fine collection of most famous songs from the large repertoire of songs by The Prairie Ramblers with Patsy Montana. These songs are clean and wholesome, and worthy of a place in your home.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THE PRAIRIE RAMBLERS

AND

PATSY MONTANA'S

COLLECTION OF SONGS

Edited by

ARTHUR GUTMAN

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NOTE: The letters over the diagrams in this book are the names of the chords in the original key and are adaptable to Ukulele, Banjo or any chord method on the Piano.

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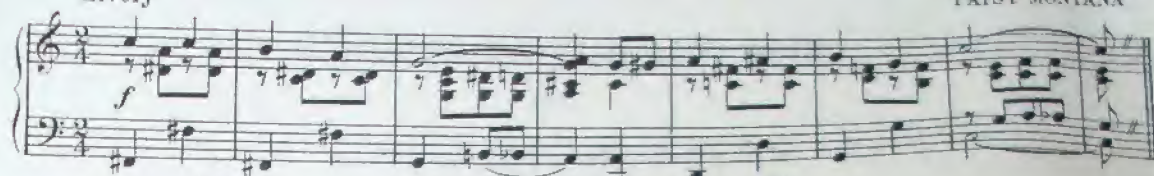
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I Want To Be A Cowboy's Sweetheart!

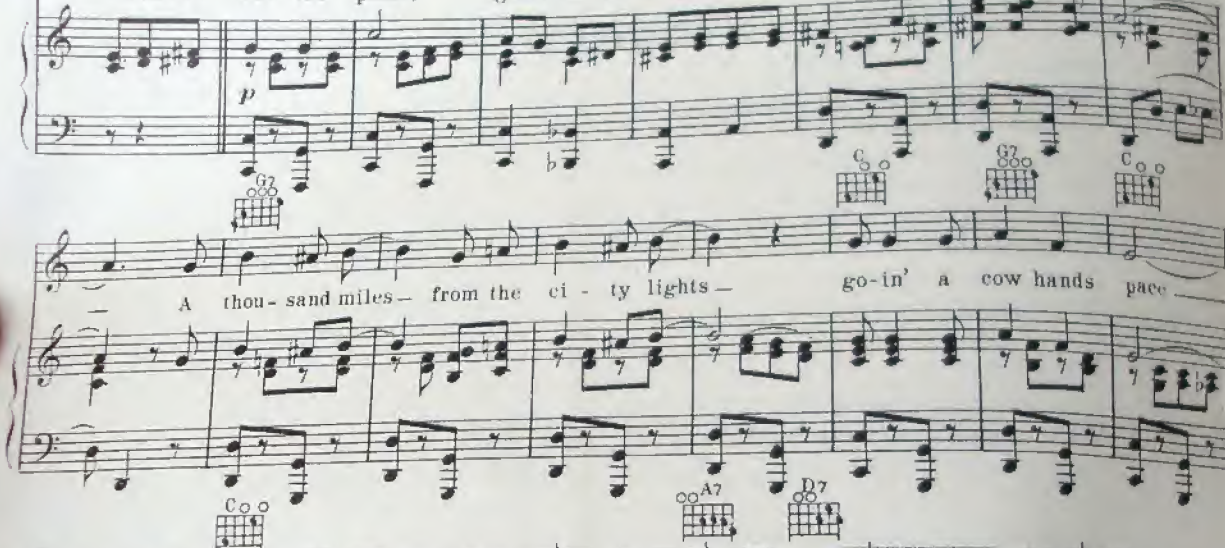
Words and Music by
PATSY MONTANA

Lively

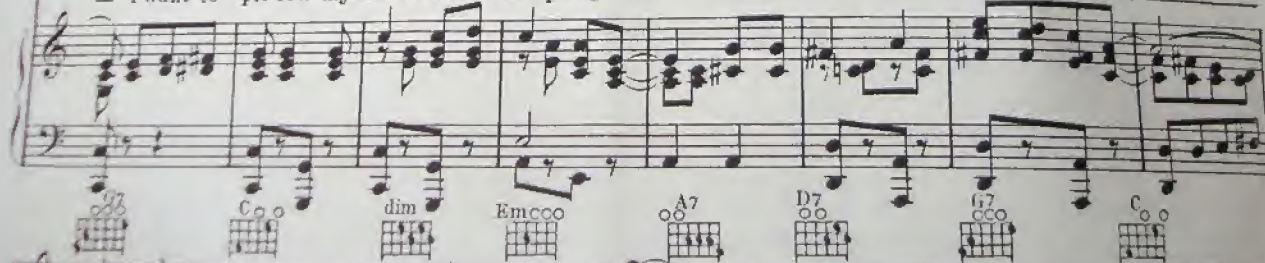


VOICE

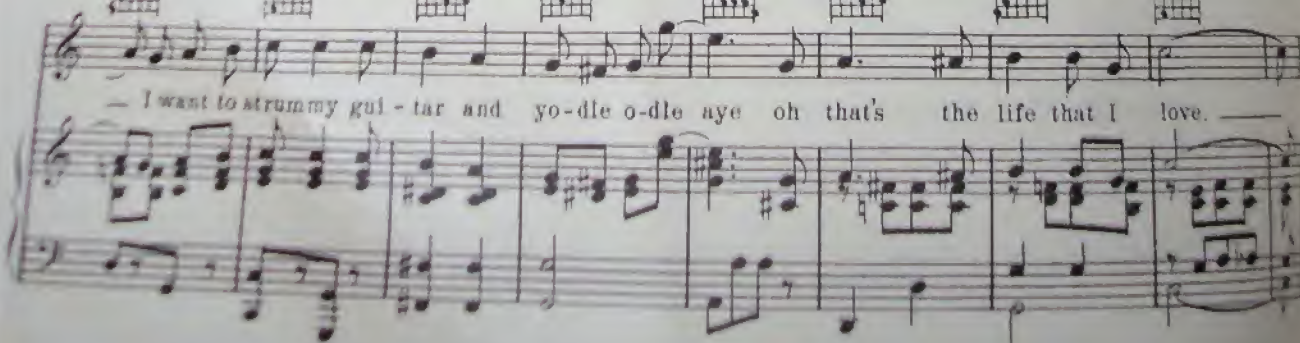
I want to ride old paint, go-in' at a run, I want to feel the wind in my face —



— I want to pil-low my head near the sleep-ing herd — While the moon shines down from a - bove —



— I want to strum my gui - tar and yo-dle o-dle aye oh that's the life that I love. —



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CHORUS

I want to be a {Cow boys} Sweet-heart — I want to learn to rope and
{Cow girls}

ride — I want to ride o'er the plain and the des - sert — out west of the

Great Di - vide — I want to hear the coy - otes howl - ing — As the

sun sinks in the west — I want to be a {Cow - boys} Sweet -
{Cow - girls}

heart, That's the life I love the best. — I want to best. —

When The White Azaleas Start Blooming

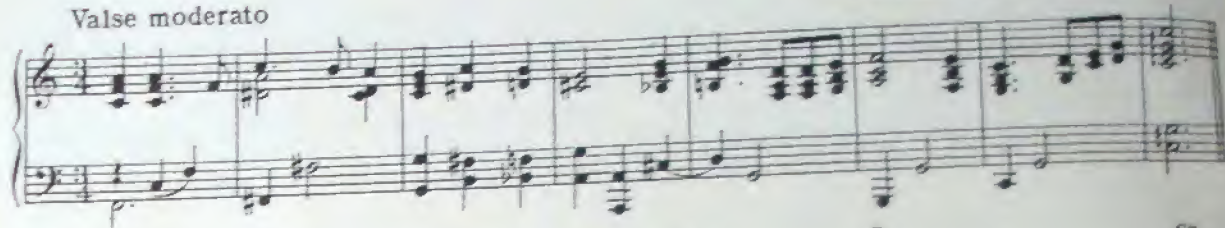
By BOB MILLER

Writer of "Rockin' alone"

"Grandmother's Bible"

"The Circle has been broken" etc. etc.

Valse moderato

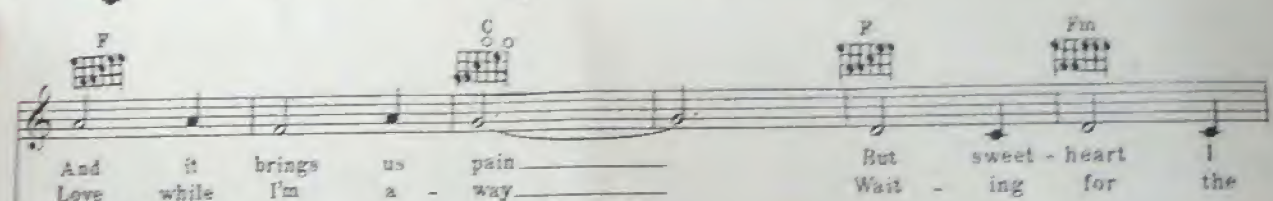
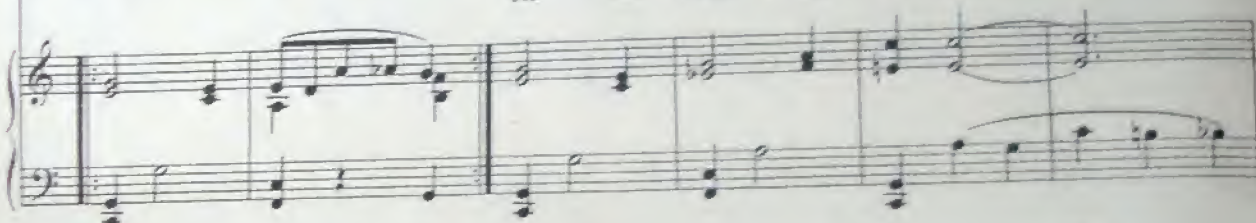


PAMP

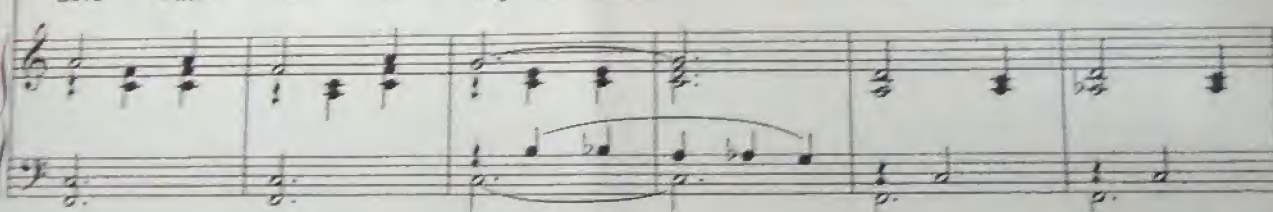
VOICE



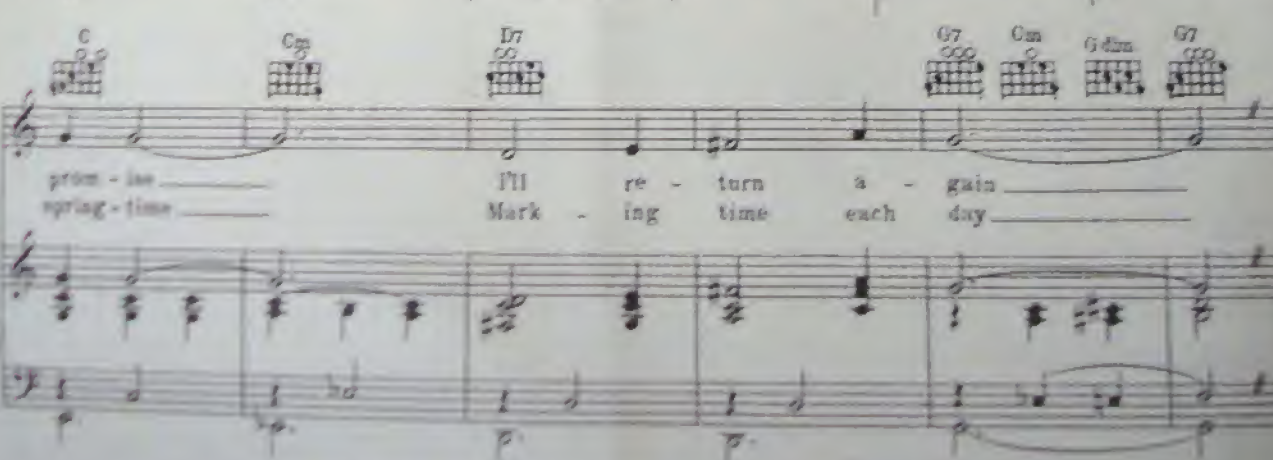
Part - ing time has come, dear
I'll be count - ing ho - urs



And it brings us pain But sweet - heart I
Love while I'm a - way Wait - ing for the



prom - ise I'll re - turn a - gain
spring - time Mark - ing time each day



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CHORUS

When The White A - zal - eas Start Bloom-ing I'll come back to

you When spring's in the air with its fresh-ness so rare We'll make our

dreams come true When The White A - zal - eas Start Bloom-ing

Up in those moun-tains so high We'll build a nest where we'll find peace and

rest, Sweet-heart for on - ly you and I When The I

9

C F C C7 9

C G7 F Cdim C B7 Bb Ab D7

D+ G7 C F C

C7 F Cdim C B7 Bb

A7 Gdim G7 1 C Ab7 Dm G7 2 C

Hurry, Johnny, Hurry!

Words and Music by
BOB MILLER

Allegro

p 1. I had a houn' dog in
2. He sat on the bank, in

ad lib. *mp*

Ar - kan - saw, A houn' dog white and brown; He
Ar - kan - saw, The bull - frog in the pool; The

left his fam - ily home one day, While tak - ing in the town.
houn' dog stopped to catch the frog, But the frog hopped off his stool.

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REFRAIN

11

Oh, hur - ry, John - ny, hur - ry! He's on the trail once more; Hur - ry John - ny hur - ry! He's head - ed for Bal - ti - more. Oh, more.

3.

My little old house, in Arkansaw,
Was sixteen stories high;
And ev'ry story, in that house,
Was filled with pumpkin pie.

4.

I never was educated much,
I never knew a lot;
But there's one thing I know I know,
I know what my dogs got.

5.

We had a pet hog, in Arkansaw,
And we called him Lucille;
My girl won't have him on a ride
Because she knows he'd squeal.

6.

We had a pet fish, in Arkansaw,
He'd walk by our side;
One day he fell into a creek,
Got drowned and he died.

Please Let Me Broadcast To Heaven

By
BOB MILLER
and
JACK MAHONEY

Valse Moderato



VOICE

When God called the lit - tle lad's Moth - er a - bove It left him so

p

The vocal melody is in the right hand, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues in the left hand. Chord symbols above the vocal line include C, dim, C, G7, dim, G7, dim, and G7.

sad all the day ————— He went to a Ra - di - o

The vocal melody continues with a long note on 'day'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. Chord symbols above the vocal line include C, G7, C, dim, and C.

Sta - tion that night, And with tear dim'd eyes they heard him say —————

The vocal melody concludes with a long note on 'say'. The piano accompaniment continues. Chord symbols above the vocal line include G, G, dim, D7, and G7.

CHORUS

Oh, Please Let Me Broad-cast To Heav - en My dear Ma - ma is up there on

p-f

high She'll tune in when she hears me say "Hel - lo Mom!" I'm so lone - ly since

she said good - bye I want her to pray God to take me Where she

waits on the gold - en stair Oh Please Let Me Broad-cast To Heav - en

Just to talk to that new An - gel there Oh there

The Old Family Doctor

By BOB MILLER

Moderato

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *rall* (rallentando). The piece concludes with a *dim* (diminuendo) and a *chime* effect.

VOICE



There's been man - y He - roes since the world first be - gun

Vamp

Piano vamp accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays a steady eighth-note pattern, and the left hand plays a steady bass line. Dynamics include *p* (piano).



Time has brought them all un - dy - ing fame — But the great - est He - ro ev - er

Piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand plays a steady bass line.



giv - en to man

Ver - y sel - dom you will hear his name —

Piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand plays a steady bass line.

CHORUS

Thru the storm, thru the rain, help-ing some-one in pain — The Old Fam-ly Doc-tor was

p.f.

there *scand lib* Night or day meant the same When one beck-oned he came — The Old Fam-ly

(chime)

Doc-tor was there — We should build a mon-u - ment that reach-es to the sky —

As an in-spir - a-tion how to live and die — Sure-ly God on His Throne Will find room in His Home

— For The Old Fam-ly Doc-tor so kind. — Thru the kind. — *scand lib*

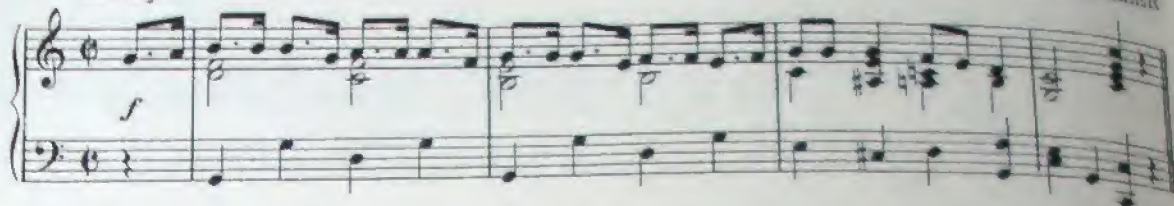
rall *(chime)*

The old X (See inside back cover for recitation to go with this song)

Little Hill - Billy Heart Throb

By BOB MILLER

Lively



VOICE

Did you ev - er feel like sort of shout-in'? Shout-in' good and loud to all the world
 Did you ev - er find your-self a - talk-in'? Talk-in' to the moon up is the sky

p

Did you ev - er feel your heart a - pound-in'? That's the way I feel a-bout my girl! She's
 Say-ing things a-bout the mel-low moon-beams, Say-ing things and nev-er know-ing why! I'm

just a lit-tle Hill-y Bill-y Pal But a might-y might-y might-y sweet gal —
 cer-tain-ly at peace with all the world, She's a might-y might-y might-y sweet girl —

CHORUS

17

She's sweet-er than hon-ey from the flow'r, She's soft-er than an Ap-ri-

show'r, And her smil-ing eyes are bright-er than the lit-tle stars a-bove,

She's the ver-y es-sence of the sweet-est kind of love I'm gon-na mar-ry her some

day, She'll be com-ing round the moun-tainto stay, And I reck-on how as "You-uns" will get

hid-den to the do-ins For my LIT-TLE HILLBILLY HEART THROB She's THROB

This World Is Not My Home

By
CHICK HURT and
JACK TAYLOR

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in F major, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second measure. The lyrics are written in a simple, clear font below the vocal line. Chord symbols (F, F7, Bb, A+, Dm, G7, C7) are placed above the piano part to indicate the harmonic structure. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'This world is not my home, I'm just pass-ing through, my Heav-ens ex-pect-ing me, that's one thing I knew, Over... in that glo-ry land, there is no dy-ing there, they I have a lov-ing Mother, in that glo-ry land, I treas-ures and my heart, are all be-yond the blue, Where fixed it up with Je-sus a long long time a-go, Yes sing and shout the vic'try It's a ring-ing ev-ry where, I don't ex-pect to stop un-til I shake her hand, Sweet man-y friends and loved ones have gone on be-fore I He will car-ry me thru tho I'm weak and low I hear the voi-ces of those, that I have heard be-fore I Moth-er's gone on be fore, wait-ing at heav-en's door I

can't feel at home in this world an - y more.
 can't feel at home in this world an - y more.
 can't feel at home in this world an - y more.
 can't feel at home in this world an - y more.

CHORUS
 Oh Lord you know I have no friend like you — If Heav- en's not my

home, Oh Lord what will I do? The An- gels beck- on me To Heav- ens o- pen

door — I can't feel at home in this world an - y more. more. —

WHEN I PUT ON MY Long White Robe

By BOB MILLER

Moderato

mf *Vamp* *p* *G7*

VOICE *C* *G7*

Oh— 'taint no use for to pinch and save, When I put on my Long White Robe,— Oh, I
 I'll look at my hands and they'll look new, When I put on my Long White Robe,— My—
 Gon— na keep my pants up— on my legs, When I put on my Long White Robe,— Gon-na





p *C* *Gaug.*

can't take none of it to my grave, When I put on my Long White Robe,— Saint
 big old feet will look that way too,— When I put on my Long White Robe,— Oh
 hang 'em up on the gold— en pegs, When I put on my Long White Robe,—




C *G* *C* *G7*

Pe-ter-wait know if I'm rich or poor, When I put on my Long White Robe,— And I
 my roof it leaks and my chimneys smoke, When I put on my Long White Robe,— I'll—
 Oh, I'll keep my— nose up— on my face, When I put on my Long White Robe,— For—







just ain't g'wine for to work no more, When I put on my Long White Robe.
 hold up my head like oth-er folks, When I put on my Long White Robe.
 an-y where else is out of place, When I put on my Long White Robe.

REFRAIN    

Sing Hal-le - lu - jah, — Hal-le-hal-le hal-le - lu - jah, — Ride a

milk white hoss, Dia-mond Hood, Hitch him to the rock where Mos-es stood,

Looks so fine feels so good, When I put on my Long White Robe. Sing Hal-le -

Singing An Old Hymn

By BOB MILLER
 Writer of "An hour of Prayer"
 "The Circle has been broken" etc. etc.

Piano *Moderato* *mf*

Voice

1 As you trav - el life's rug - ged road
 2 You'll find beau - ti - ful things in life
 3 You'll find bless - ings if you but look
 4 In our strug - gle for earth - ly gain
 5 You'll find beau - ty in all the land

mp

And you're bur - dened with a load, You'll find con - so -
 Hid - den 'neath this earth - ly strife You can find the
 Ev - 'ry place and ev - 'ry nook You'll find man - y
 Some - times we cause lots of pain Find the Right - eous
 Mould - ed by the Mas - ters hand You can find these


* Symbol for Guitar and Banjo




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

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






la - tion, friend, Sing - ing An Old Hymn.
 key, my friend, Sing - ing An Old Hymn.
 things, my friend, Sing - ing An Old Hymn.
 path, my friend, Sing - ing An Old Hymn.
 things so grand, Sing - ing Au Old Hymn.


Refrain
 



For there's some - thing that's beau - ti - ful, There's


mf

some - thing that's cleans - ing; There's some - thing in -







spir - ing, In Sing - ing An Old Hymn. — D.C.

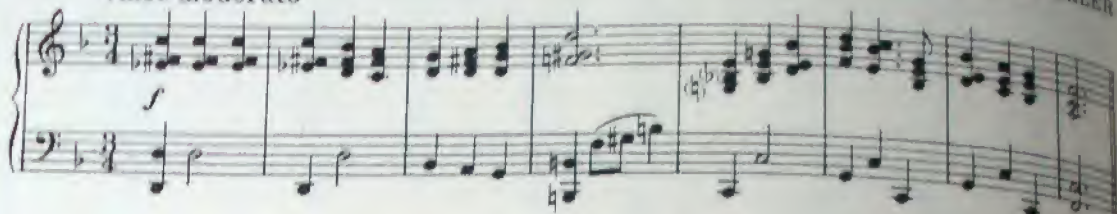





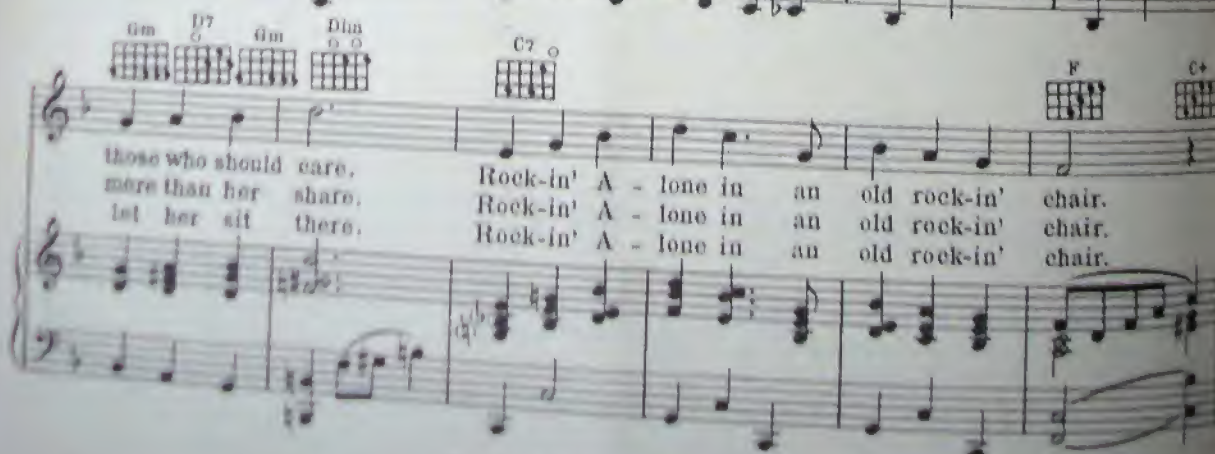
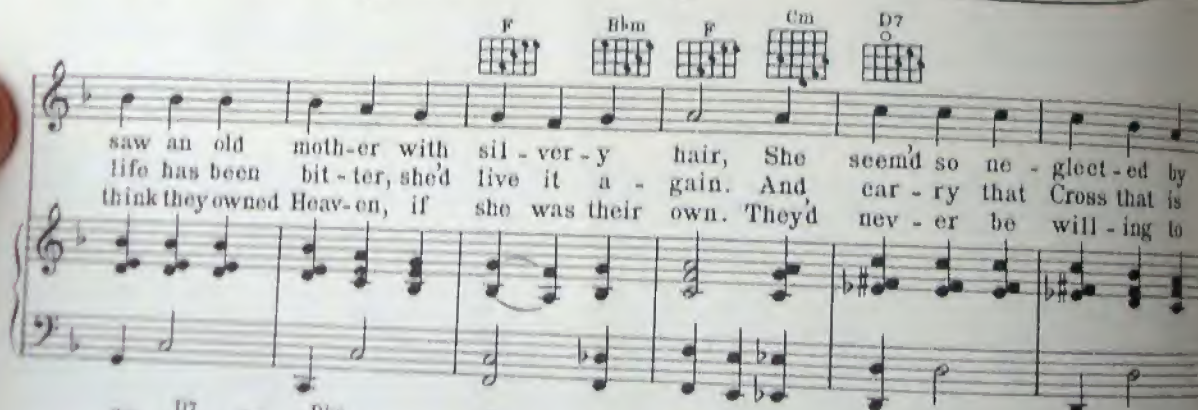
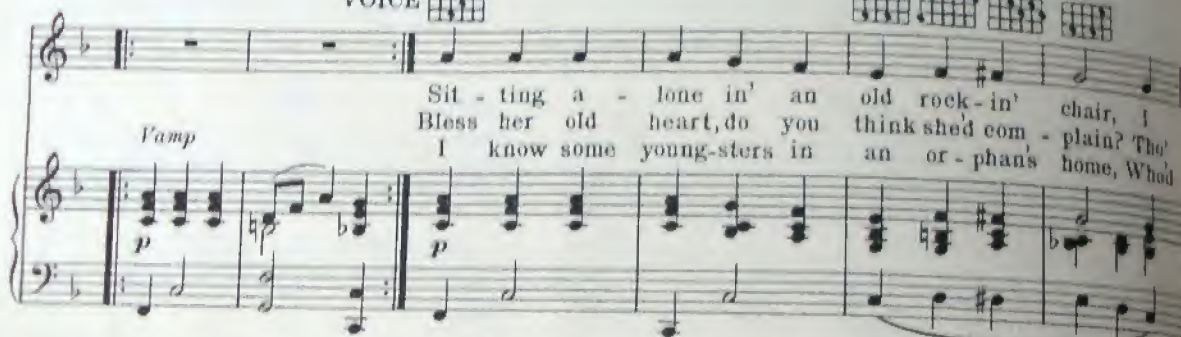
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Rockin' Alone

In An Old Rocking Chair

By BOB MILLER

Valse moderato

VOICE 






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Her hands were cal - loused and wrin - kled and old. A
 It would - n't take much to glad - den her heart. Just
 I look at her and I think with a shame. The

life of hard work was the sto - ry they told. And
 some small re - mem - brance on some - bod - y's part. A
 ones who for - got her she loves just the same. And

I thought of An - gels as I saw her there.
 let - ter would bright - en her emp - ty life there.
 I think of An - gels as I see her there.

Rock - in' A - lone in an old rock - in' chair.
 Rock - in' A - lone in an old rock - in' chair.
 Rock - in' A - lone in an old rock - in' chair.

rall

Come Along To The Big Barn Dance

BY
BOB MILLER

Brightly

There's a Big Barn Dance at - Dou-ble You El Ess, Has the pret-ti-est girls in the

world I guess, Come a - long, come a - long, come a - long to the Big Barn Dance

There'll be good sing-ing and a lot of fun, There'll be big do - in's for

ev - 'ry one, Come a - long, Come a - long, Come a long to the Big Barn Dance

An Arthur Gudman Arrangement

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There'll be a lit-tle bit of pran-cin' and a might-y lot o' dan-cin' and a lit-tle this and

that a lit-tle bit o' tug-gin' and a might-y lot o' hug-gin and you'll

know that you are at— That Big Barn Dance at Dou-ble you El-Ess, with the

pret-ti-est girls in the world I guess Come a-long, Come a-long, Come a-long, to the Big Barn

There's a Dance.

There'll be a lit-tle bit of pran-cin' and a might-y lot o' dan-cin' and a lit-tle this

that a lit-tle bit o' tug-gin' and a might-y lot o' hug-gin a

know that you are at— That Big Barn Dance at Don-ble you El-Ess, with the

pret-ti-est girls in the world I guess Come a-long, Come a-long, Come a-long, to the Big Barn

Dance. ————— There's a Dance. —————

There'll be a lit-tle bit of pran-cin' and a might-y lot o' dan-cin' and a lit-tle this and

that a lit-tle bit o' tug-gin' and a might-y lot o' hug-gin and you'll

know that you are at— That Big Barn Dance at Dou-ble you El-Ess, with the

pret-ti-est girls in the world I guess Come a-long, Come a-long, Come a-long, to the Big Barn

Dance There's a Dance

My Mother's Tears

Tune Uke
A D F# B

By BOB MILLER

Moderato

VOICE



"Con-tent-ment can't be bought for gold, nor

greed, nor with fame!" You told me that, sweet Moth-er, long a - go. — I thought you were old

fash-ioned in your creed, what a shame! But, Moth-er, you were right and this I know: —

CHORUS



I'm not worth the pre-cious tears I caused you thru the years; I wish I had - n't

been a bad black sheep. If I'd known what I know now, Those fur-rows in your

brow Would've nev-er had a chance to grow so deep. I've been the

fool who thought he knew best, and went right on my way. Now I'd give all that

I pos-sess to have you to-day; And I'd pray to God a-bove, To make me worth-y

of Those pre-cious Moth-er tears I caused you. I'm not you.

772

(See inside back cover for recitation to go with this song.)

That Old Home Town Of Mine

(Is Still Alive)

Moderato

By
TEX. A. 1000

Just last week I took a trip back to my old home town — Sev'ral years had passed since I'd been

there — I'd been think-ing of the old place and thought I'd drop a - round, And

take a look at things while I was there — The sur-prise of my life I got

there — The things that I saw sure made me stare.

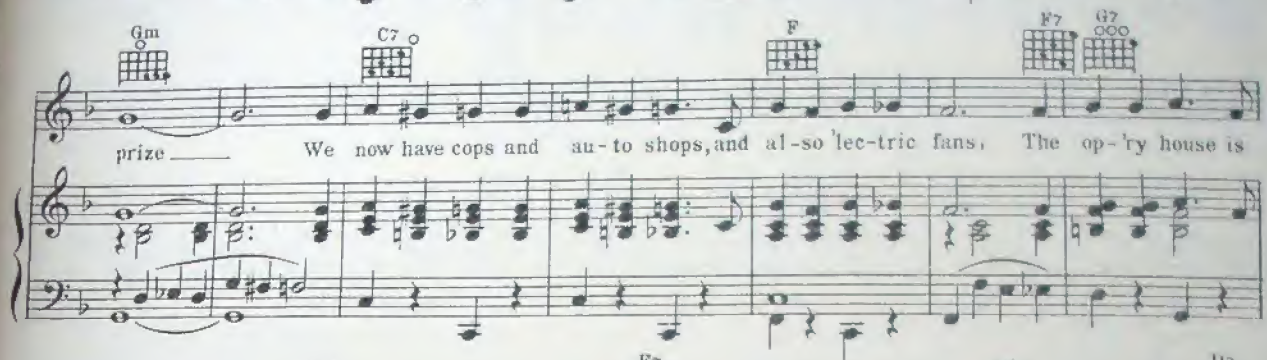
An Arthur Guinan Arrangement

CHORUS

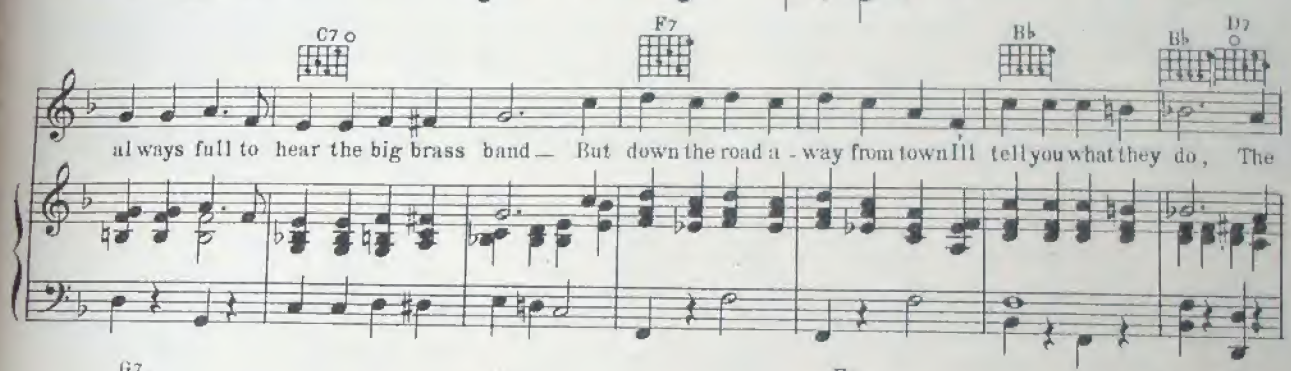
Oh THAT OLD HOME TOWN OF MINE IS STILL A - LIVE — I'm tell-ing you good friends it takes the



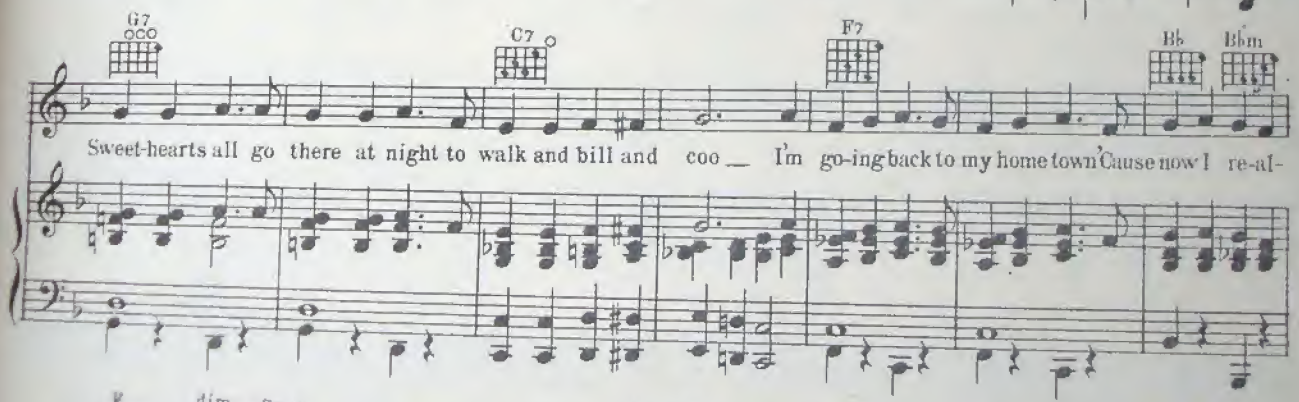
prize — We now have cops and au-to shops, and al-so 'lec-tric fans. The op-'ry house is



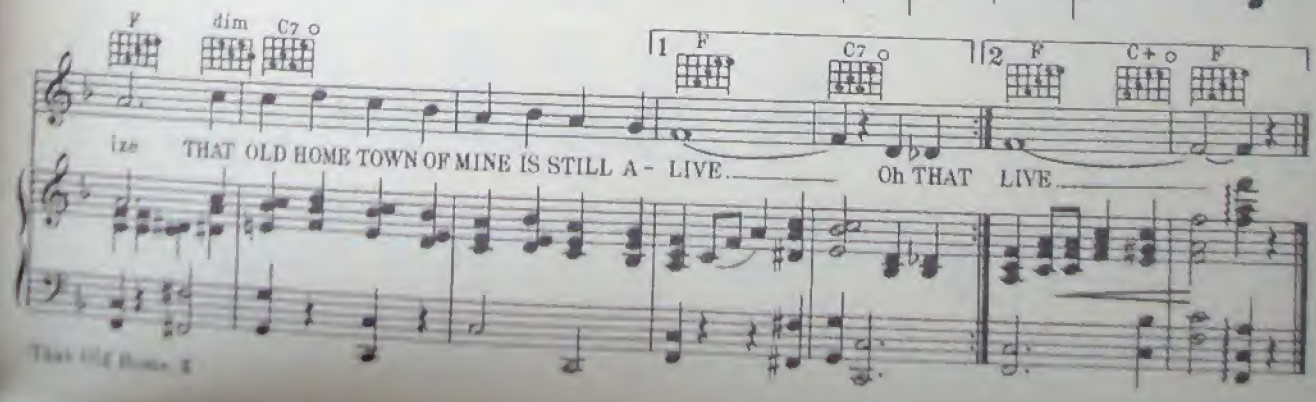
always full to hear the big brass band — But down the road a - way from town I'll tell you what they do, The



Sweet-hearts all go there at night to walk and bill and coo — I'm go-ing back to my home town 'Cause now I re-al-



ize THAT OLD HOME TOWN OF MINE IS STILL A - LIVE. — Oh THAT LIVE —



Back To My Mountain Home!

By
JACK TAYLOR
and
CHICK HURT

Valse Moderato

As the years roll by, I'm
It was long a-go, I

won - der - ing why I left my moun - tain home It is
start - ed to roam This world I want - ed to see But the

on - ly a shack, but it's call - ing me back, To Broad-way I'm say - ing so
time has now come, that my roam - ing a - round, Is all but a pleas - ure to

long I have ram - bled a - round from town - to town, And I've
I have made up my mind, that I'll set - tle down, But I'll

Guitar Chords: F, C, F, Gdim, Dm, Bb, Bbm, F, Bb, F, Gdim, Dm, G7, F, Dm

An Arthur Guitman Arrangement

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al - ways ram-bled a - lone — But my mem'-ries go back, To a
not set - tie down a - lone — But with one who is fair, She is

lit - tle old shack, BACK TO MY MOUN - TAIN HOME
wait - ing down there BACK TO MY MOUN - TAIN HOME

CHORUS
Back to my home in the mount-tains — There's a dear one whos

wait - ing I know — Shall be hap - py to learn of my re -

OUTRO
BACK TO MY MOUN - TAIN HOME. HOME.

(To Little Beverly)

One Tiny Candle

(For one tiny tot)

By PATSY MONTANA
BOB MILLER

Moderato

In rap - ture I've sang a - bout

flow - ers in spring, I've sang a - bout bless - ings so rare But all of these

bless - ings now don't mean a thing com - pared with a new bless - ing here

CHORUS

ONE TI - NY CANDLE for one ti - ny tot, Whos as soft, and as sweet, as a

An Arthur Gishman Arrangement

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marsh-mel - lows dust ONE TI - NY CAN - DLE for one ti - ny tot A lit - tle

an - gel heav - en placed in our trust I stand in be - wil - der -

ment, gaz - ing at its lit - tle era - dle I'm a - mazed and dazed that I have - nt

turned can - ni - bal ONE TI - NY CAN - DLE for one ti - ny tot, I would - nt

1 2
 sweep / ^{her} / ^{him} / for all the world. world.

Hop Pickin' Time In Happy Valley

By BOB MILLER
and
DICK SANFORD

Brightly

f

VOICE

B \flat F7 B \flat F7 B \flat

Har-vest time is not so far a - way, dear, Seems like I can

p

dim F7 B \flat

smell the new mown hay — And tho I am far a - way from

Gm G7 C7 F

you, dear, It makes me hap-py just to write and say —

CHORUS

B \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat dim F7

When it's Hop Pick-in' Time In Hap-py Val-ley — My lit-tle Sal-ly —

p-f

Pride of the Val-ley They'll be hop-pin' a-round in hap-py val-ley

There'll be big do-in's For you and me Well have a hop pick-in' wedding in the

or-chard And we'll in-vite ev-'ry hop pick-er too

When It's Hop Pick-in' Time In Hap-py Val-ley My lit-tle

Sal-ly I'll come to you When it's you

Swinging Down The Old Orchard Lane

By
BOB MILLER

Not too fast

Piano

VOICE

I've trav-elled all a-round the world, I've known a mil-lion thrills, I've known the hid-den
I still re-mem-ber school boy days, With heart so free from pain, And how I took de-

beau-ties of the val-leys and the hills, The sev-en won-ders of the world filled
light-ful strolls a-long that peace-ful lane, I built my cas-tles out of clouds and

me with ec-sta-cy, Of all the thrills I most en-joyed this was the thrill for me.
I ruled ev-ry-thing, My sub-jects were the birds and flowrs, I made my-self their King.

swing-ing Down The Old Or-chard Lane, List'ning to the

LER

dim. G7 C

mock-ing birds re - frain. Stroll - in' sort o' la - zy, With thoughts that seem so

A mi D7 G7 C

ha - zy Be - tween my toes a dais - y, Kissed by the soft - est rain, Hon - ey - suck - les

F C C A mi D7 G7

sweet filled the air, Spread-ing real con - tent-ment ev-'ry - where. A

F dim. C C7 A7 D7

heart as light as moon-beams, A mind that's filled with dreams, Swing - ing Down The

G7 D7 G7 C G7 C

1. Old Or - chard Lane. 2. Lane.

rall.

(Let Me Live, Let Me Die, In Arkansas)
Where The Ozarks Kiss The Sky

By PATSY MONTANA
 and BOB MILLER

Valse moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Valse moderato'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. Above the vocal staff, guitar chords are indicated with letters and symbols (circles with dots) for fingerings. The lyrics are: 'When God sent out his an-gels — To sow His bless-ings rare — In Ar-kan-sas they — rest-ed — that land be-yond com-pare — A mil-lion bless-ings sent-ered they, and it's still that way to-day —'.

When God sent out his an-gels — To sow His bless-ings rare — In

Ar-kan-sas they — rest-ed — that land be-yond com-pare — A

mil-lion bless-ings sent-ered they, and it's still that way to-day —

Arranged by Arthur Guzman

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CHORUS

Let me live, Let me die in Ar-kan-sas Where The O - sarks Kiss The

sky Where I'll find old fa-mil-lar fa-ces That come

smil-ing by Where the neigh-bors help each oth-er, Where

friends nev-er pass you by Let me live, Let me die in Ar-kan-

sas, Where The O - sarks Kiss The Sky Let me Sky

Down Where The Roses Go To Sleep

By BOB MILLER
and DICK SANFORD

Brightly

VOICE

Let me whis-per some-thing sweet my dar - ling _____ Some-thing that I know you'll
Mel-low moon-beams kiss each ten - der flow-er _____ And the eve-ning breeze is

p

love to hear _____ Sweet heart there's a place I know, Where the
soft and sweet _____ Ev - 'ry gleam-ing lit - tle star, Sends a

pret - ty flow-ers grow, Cud-dle close and I will take you there my dear
love beam from a - far, Say the word that will make this pic-ture com - plete

CHORUS

The moon is bright dear, to - night so let's me - an - der Down Where The

p-f

Guitar Chords: C, G7, Am, dim, C7, A7, D7, G7, F

Ros-es Go To Sleep ——— There's where the stars are al-ways grand —

er Down Where The Ros-es Go To Sleep ——— And while the night birds are

wing-ing thru the mead-ows I'll hold you near in shad-ows deep ———

We'll make the world a bed of ros-es Down Where The

Ros-es Go To Sleep The moon is Sleep ———

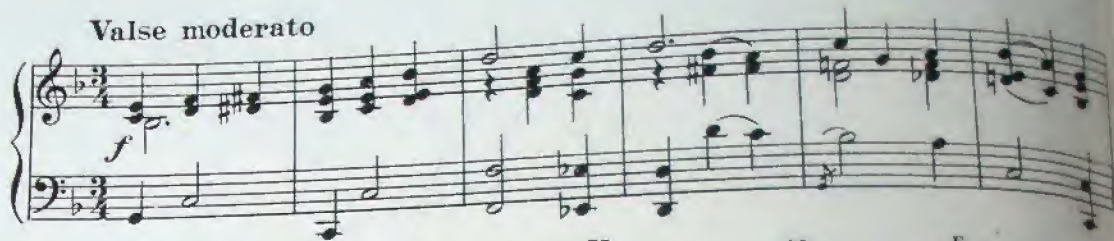
Howe, W. B. - 8

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. Chords are indicated by letters and numbers above the staff. The score is divided into systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano line. The lyrics are: "Ros-es Go To Sleep ——— There's where the stars are al-ways grand —", "er Down Where The Ros-es Go To Sleep ——— And while the night birds are", "wing-ing thru the mead-ows I'll hold you near in shad-ows deep ———", "We'll make the world a bed of ros-es Down Where The", and "Ros-es Go To Sleep The moon is Sleep ———". The chords are: C, G, Dm, G7, Am, D7, G7, C, G7, C, G7, F, E7, F, B7, Em, A7, D7, G7, B7, G7, C, Dm, G7, C.

Silvery Prairie Moon

By BOB MILLER

Valse moderato



VOICE

All the World is in tune, Sil-ver - y Prai-rie Moon, When your

p

The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (p) dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a bass line with quarter notes.

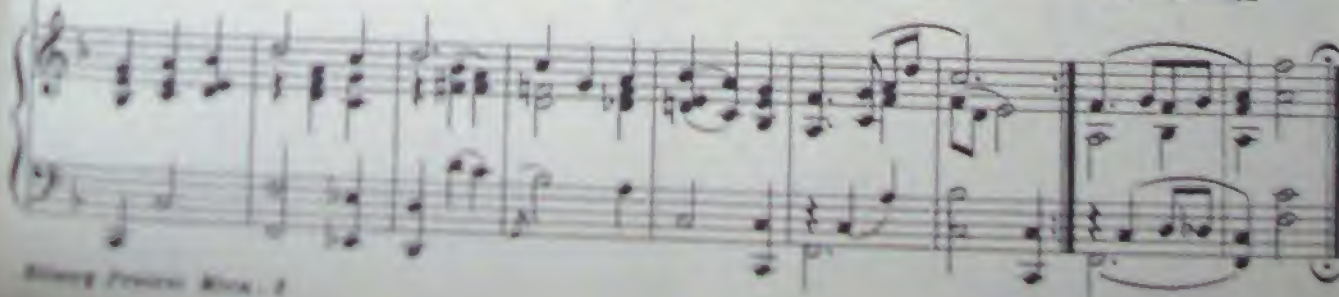
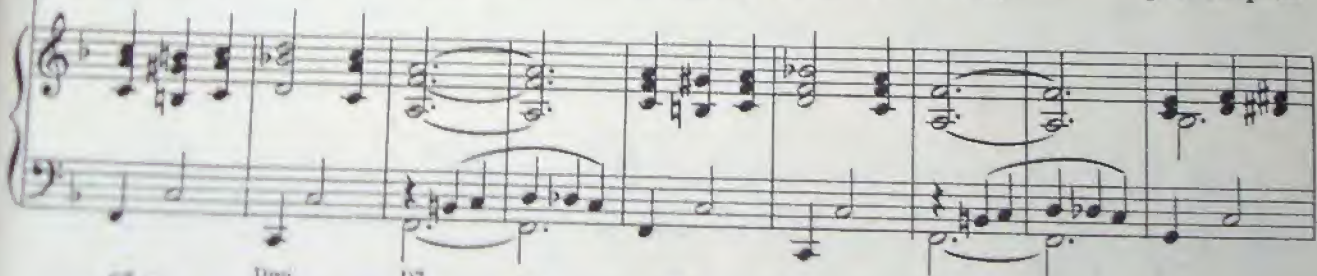
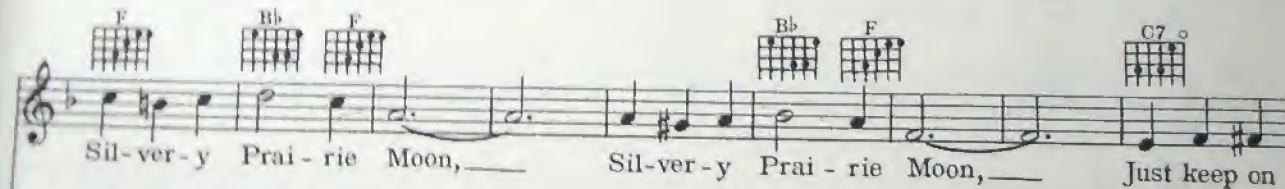
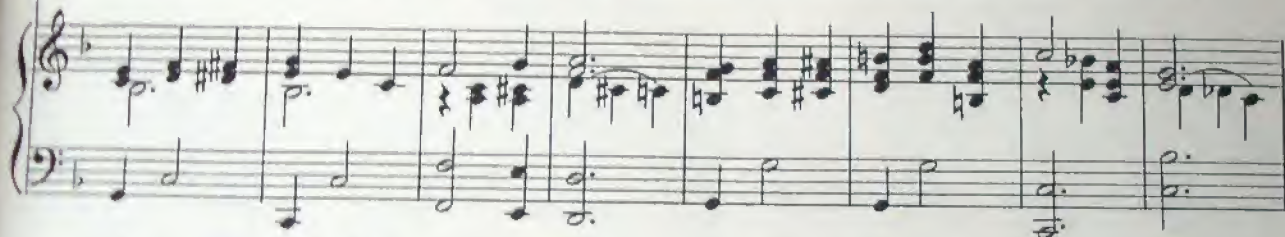
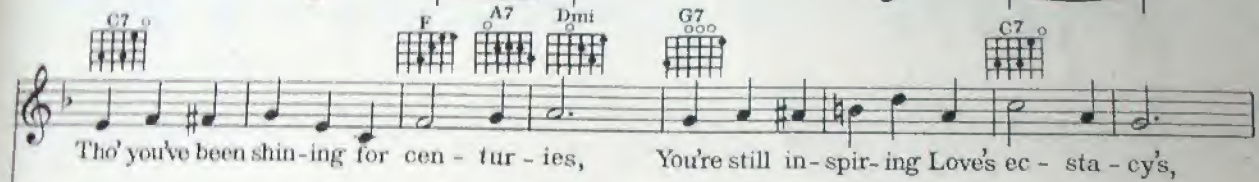
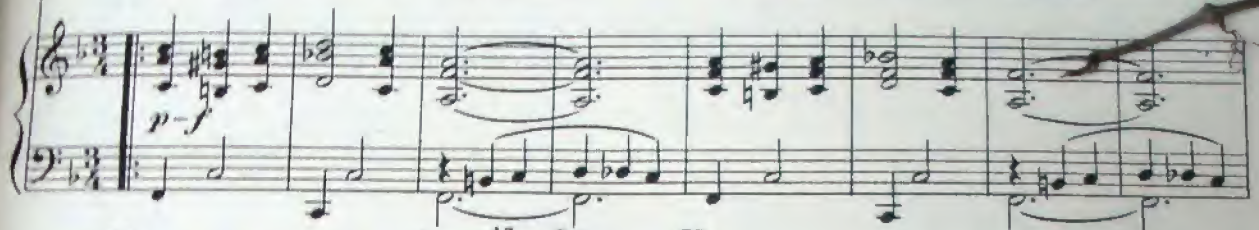
soft mel-low beams kiss the land. Oh the dawn comes too soon, Sil-ver-

The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (p) dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a bass line with quarter notes.

y Prai-rie Moon, Shine for - ev - er for you are just grand!

The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (p) dynamic. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a bass line with quarter notes.

CHORUS



Finger Prints

(Upon The Window Pane)

Moderato con espressivo

By BOB MILLER

I had o - pened wide the
Still the emp - ty crib was
Oh my heart seemd al - most

shut - ters of the long de - sert - ed room, And a flood of gold - en sun - shine chased a -
stand - ing In it's old ac - cus - tomed place, But from 'neath the lit - tle blank - ets peep'd no
break - ing, As I gath - ered from the floor, Here a shoe, and there a stock - ing that our

way the drear - y gloom, 'Twas while gaz - ing 'round with ten - der - ness where ba - by last had
pre - cious in - fant face, How I longed to clasp it's An - gels form, One more sweet kiss ob -
lit - tle dar - ling wore, And I could not, tho' I loved the room, One mo - ment more re -

Chorus
Iain That I chanced to see its fing-er prints up - on the win-dow pane.
tain From the ros - y lips that oft had pressed a - gainst the win-dow pane.
main Where those snow - y hands had left their print up - on the win-dow pane.

CHORUS
How the si - lent tear drops start-ed fall-ing — Fool-ish tears that I knew were in

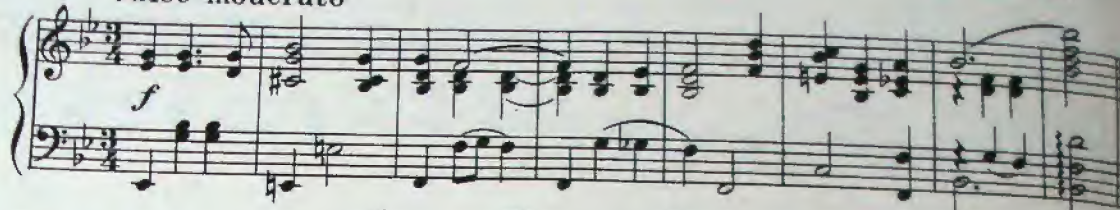
vain — Still my heart for-got its pains, As I kisseda-way the stains Kiss'd those

Finger Prints from off the win-dow pane. — How the pane. —

Under The Old Umbrella

By BOB MILLER &
BEN SELVIN

Valse moderato



VOICE

Vamp

Re-mem-ber the days long a-go, Sweet-heart when I was your
Your hair, dear, was once black as jet, Sweet-heart 'tis now white as

p

Chord diagrams for the voice introduction: Bb (first measure), F7 (second measure), Bb (third measure), and D7 (fourth measure).

beau, — I car-ried your books to school, — Where they taught us the Gold-en Rule, —
snow, — There are mem-ries I can't for-get, — Sweet old mem-ries of long a-go, —

Chord diagrams for the piano accompaniment: Eb, G7, Cmi, G7, Cmi, D7, Gmi, C7, and F7.

— With our old um-brel-la we spent hap-py hours, Dream-ing be-neath A-pril show'rs. —
— I'll nev-er for-get dear that mo-ment di-vine, When you said that you'd be mine. —

The piano accompaniment for the final verse continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns established in the previous sections, ending with a final chord of F7.

CHORUS

Un-der The Old Um-brel-la, —

Safe from the pat-ter-ing rain. —

p-f

Un-der The Old Um-brel-la, —

Down thru the or-chard lane. —

You nest-led

close, my sweet-heart, —

We knew no sor-row, nor pain, —

Un-der The Old Um-

brel la, — List'-ning to the pat-ter-ing rain. —

rain. —

(Written especially for Beverly Paula Rose)

My Baby's Lullaby

By
PATSY MONTANA
and
WILLIS ARTHUR

Valse moderato



I've a song in my heart I've been dream-ing for years, Its a song that at
 With her big spark-ling eyes, and her dark cur-ly hair, And those fing - ers that

p

last has come true Just a wee lit - tle ba - by with
 clutch at my cheeks With her soft ba - by skin that's so

laugh - ter and tears And two eyes that are spark-ling and blue
 pick and so fair She's the an - swer to all that I seek

An Arthur Schuman Arrangement

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Let's love and let's love, 'till the day of our death, and the days after that, when we are
in the land of the living, in the day of our death, when the angels are
in the land of the living, in the day of our death, when the angels are

in the land of the living, in the day of our death, when the angels are
in the land of the living, in the day of our death, when the angels are

all that I can do, and if I can, I will give up my life for you, this
is the only way to live, and if I can, I will give up my life for you, this

and if I can, I will give up my life for you, this is the only way to live,
and if I can, I will give up my life for you, this is the only way to live,

and if I can, I will give up my life for you, this is the only way to live,
and if I can, I will give up my life for you, this is the only way to live,

The Land Of The Beautiful West

By
SHELBY DARNELL
SAM LOVER

Valse Moderato

Oh, come to the West, love, oh come there with me, 'Tis a sweet land of
The South has its ros-es and bright skies of blue, But ours are more

ver-dure that springs from the sea— Where fair plen-ty smiles from her
sweet with love's own change-ful hue— Half sun-shine, half tears like the

em-er-sid throne, Oh, come to the West and I'll make you my own—
girl I love best, Oh, what is the South to the beau-ti-ful West—

An Artistic Selection Arrangement

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CHORUS

I'll guard you, I'll tend you, I'll love you the best, And you'll say there's no
Then come there with me and the rose on your mouth Will be sweet-er to

land like the beau-ti-ful West
me than the flow'rs of the South We'll find peace and com-fort, And we shall find

rest, And you'll say there's no land like the beau-ti-ful West Then West

The North has its snow tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day,
There the storm king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft breathing zephyr, still plays in the West.
Then come to the West where no cold wind doth blow,
Oh my love you're more fairer to me than the snow,
We'll find peace and comfort, and we shall find rest,
And you'll say there's no land like the beautiful West,

The sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the night,
When he rises refreshed, in his glory and might,
But where does he go when he seeks his sweet rest,
Oh does he not haste to the beautiful West?
Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my Sire's, 'tis my beautiful West,
We'll find peace and comfort, and we shall find rest,
And you'll say there's no land like the beautiful West.

Sleepy Rio Grande

By BOB MILLER

Valse Moderato

f

VOICE *F* *Fm* *F* *F7* *Bb*

Lean - ing 'gainst the sky, As the Sun went to sleep I saw a Cow-boy

p

Bbm *F* *Dim* *C7* *Dim*

with his gui - tar — He gent - ly plucked each string, This

F *F7* *D7* *G7* *C7*

song I heard him sing, As Eve-ning Breez-es car-ried it a - far.

CHORUS

On a Dream-y edge of the Sleep-y Ri-o-Grande, Where the stars pinback the cur-tains of the

p.f

night There we met and loved, By the Sleep-y Ri-o-Grande, In a moon-lit Par-a-

dise of sweetde-light Her lips were as soft as the Moon beams a-bove and her

heart was the Soul of Love And I'll al-ways love the — Sleep-y Ri-o

Grande where the stars pinback the cur-tains of the night. On a night.

Conversation With A Mule

By BOB MILLER

Moderato

VOICE

I saw a Farm-er and a Mule a - plow-in' O-ver on the mountain side The

Farm-er was a-mum-blin' and a - grum-blin' as he plowed those fur-rows deep and wide Well,

as he went a-long a - plow - in' He was swear - in' and a-snort - in' all the way I

over-heard his con-ver-sa-tion with his mule— This is what I heard him say—

Chord diagrams: C, C7, F, C, A7, D7, G7, C, C7, F, E7, A7, Dm, G7, Am, D7, C.

RECITATION

Play music during recitation, until line, then sing

Old Mule, you're the Son of a Jackass,
And I'm the image of God...
Yet here we work hitched together
A Tollin' and Tillin' the sod!
I wonder if you work for me
Or I work for you, Old Mule?
At times... I think it's a partnership
Between a Mule and a doggone fool!

When plowing we go the same distance...
But I work harder than you
You skim the ground on four good legs...
I hobble along on two;
So Mule, mathematically speaking,
Your four legs 'gainst my two...
I do just twice the work per leg -
Just twice as much as you.

Soon we'll be making the corn crop,
That crop'll be split three way...
A third for you... and a third for me,
A third for the Landlords pay.
You take your third and eat it...
Your getting the best, and how!
I split my third amongst eight kids,
A Banker... six hens and a Cow!

Right here, Mule, I might mention
You only plow the ground...
I shock the corn and husk it,
While you're hee hawin' around
All Fall, and part of the Winter;
Old Mule, you know that it's true -
I break my back with a cotton sack
Paying off the the mortgage on you.

The only time I'm your better
Is when elections come -
A Man can vote, while a mule cannot...
But that don't worry you none
Because you're a wise old Jackass
You know what to worry about...
You knew Politics wouldn't help you none -
And I'm just finding it out!

So Mule... confidentially speaking,
Would you change places with me?
Would you take up all my worries
And still contented be?
Would you swap places, I'm asking?
Of course you know we couldn't...
Would you if you could... Now tell the truth!
You're doggone right you wouldn't!

(Sing)

This ends the sto- ry 'bout the Mule and Farm-er Who were plowing on the mountain side You can

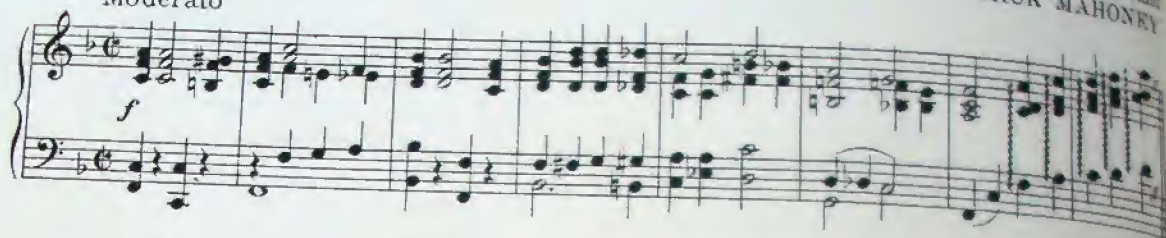
turn your own con-si-der-a-tion for a mor-al to this song, Of the Farmer's Con-ver-sa-tion With A Mule

When I'm Four Times Twenty

(And You're Five Times Sweet Sixteen)

By BOB MILLER and
JACK MAHONEY

Moderato



VOICE

You ask me if I'll love you when you're old, Dear, Just as much as
To - geth - er we will share Life's joy and tears, Dear, Side by side we'll

I love you to - day _____ How could I help but love a heart of
watch the Clouds roll by _____ And hap - pi - ly we'll fill the pass - ing

gold, Dear, Cud - dle close and - lis - ten while I say. _____
years, Dear, With a prec - ious love that shall not die. _____

Chords: F, C7, F, F, Bb, Dim, F, F7, D7, G7, C7

CHORUS

When I'm Four Times Twen-ty, dear, Just Four Times Twen-ty and you're five times sweet six-

teen — Your kiss-es I'll treas-ure, We'll share ev-'ry pleas-ure as we did on the

Old Vil-lage Green — The world will seem bright-er, our hearts will feel light-er, Man y

glad years will have passed be-tween — Love's Har-vest will yield us plen-ty, When I'm Four Times

Twenty and you're Five Times Sweet Six-teen. — When -teen.

Gonna Have A Feast Here To Night

By
The Prairie Ramblers

Brightly

f

VOICE *C* *F*

There's a rab-bit in the log, And I aint got my dog — How will I
 Ill build me a fire, And Ill cook that old hare — In clay I'll
 Im going down that track, With my coat ripped up my back — Soles of my

p

G7 *C7* *F* *B7*

get 'em? oh I know! — Ill take a me a "brair" and Ill
 roll 'em, 'nbake 'em brown, — Have me a feast to night, while the
 shoes are near - ly gone, — A lit - tle ways a head, there's a

F *dim* *F* *G7* *C7* *F*

twist it in his hair — that's the way Ill get 'em I know —
 moon am shin - ing bright — and Ill find me a place to lie down —
 barn or there's a shed — that is where Ill rest my wea - ry bones —

An Arthur Gelman Arrangement

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CHORUS

I know (yes I know) I know (yes I know) That - a -
 To lie down (to lie down) to lie down (to lie down) Find
 Wea-ry Bones (Wea-ry bones) Wea-ry Bones (La - zy bones) Just to

p-f

way I'll get 'em, I know I'll take me a
 me a place to lie down Have a Feast here to -
 rest my wea-ry wea-ry bones Just a little ways a -

"brair" And I'll twist it in his hair. That - a - way I'll
 night Where the moon am shin - ing bright. And find me a
 head There's a barn or a shed. And that's where I'll

get 'em, — I know — To lie
 place to — lie down — Wea-ry
 rest my — weary — bones.

Broken Hearted Cowboy

By
DWIGHT BUTCHER

Valse moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time, marked 'Valse moderato'. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Above the vocal line, guitar chords are indicated with letter diagrams. The lyrics are: 'One day while stroll-in' in Wy - om - in' Out on the prai-rie where the cac-tus grows I heard a wea-ry Cow - boy sing - ing A lone-some song and here is how it goes'.

Chords and Fingerings:

- Chord 1:** Eb (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 2:** Bb7 (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 3:** Eb (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 4:** Eb7 (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 5:** Ab (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 6:** Abm (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 7:** Eb (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 8:** Eb (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 9:** C7 (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 10:** F7 (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)
- Chord 11:** Bb7 (Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4)

CHORUS

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It features a chorus with the lyrics: "I'm a Brok - en Heart - ed Cow - boy, — Lone - some the whole day through — I'm A Brok - en Heart - ed Cow - boy, — Sing - ing my love song to you — Old paint seems towant to say, Someone stole your heart a - way I know that he miss - es you too — I'm A Brok - en Heart - ed Cow - boy — Walt - in' in Wy - om - in' for you. — I'm a you. —". The score includes guitar chords (Eb, Eb7, Ab, Eb, Bb7) and a piano (p) marking. The melody is in a major key with a 4/4 time signature. The guitar part consists of a series of chords and single notes. The voice part is a simple melody with lyrics. The score is divided into two systems, each with a guitar and piano part. The first system covers the first two lines of the chorus, and the second system covers the next two lines. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

I'm a Brok - en Heart - ed Cow - boy, — Lone - some the whole day
 through — I'm A Brok - en Heart - ed Cow - boy, — Sing - ing my
 love song to you — Old paint seems towant to say, Someone stole your heart a - way I
 know that he miss - es you too — I'm A Brok - en Heart - ed Cow - boy —
 Walt - in' in Wy - om - in' for you. — I'm a you. —

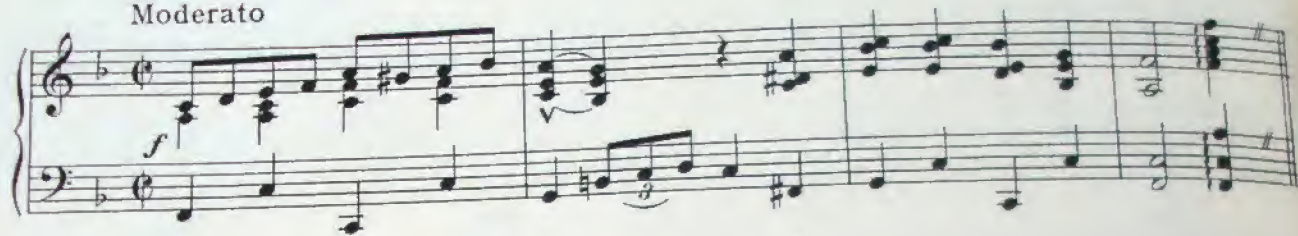
Swaller-Tail Coat

Tune Uke
G C E A

By BOB MILLER

Writer of
"I Break-a Da Stones"
"Little Nell" etc.

Moderato



VAMP

VOICE



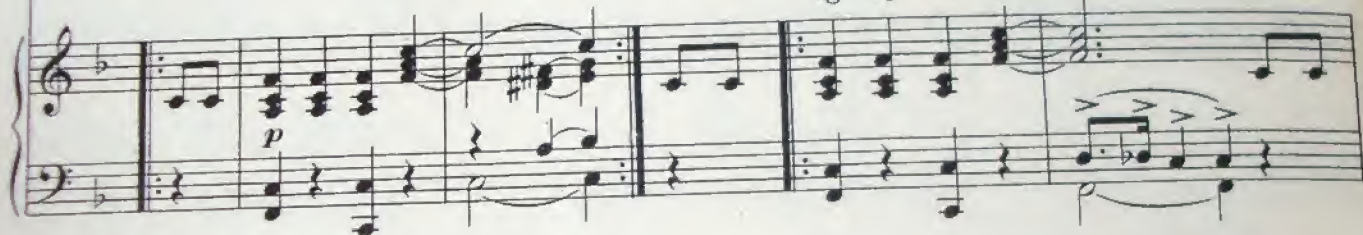
Gon - na

rig my-self up

In a

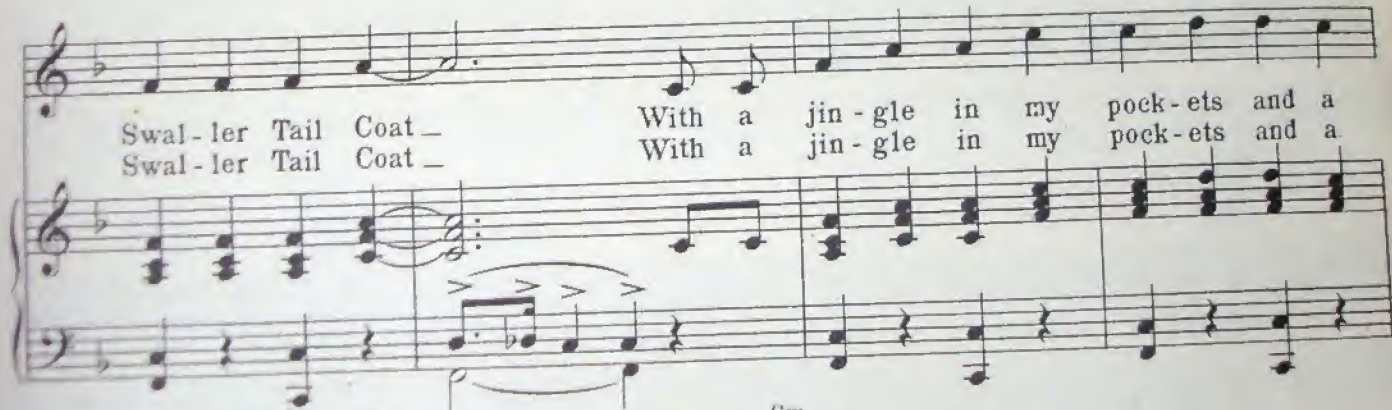
rig my-self up

In a



Swal-ler Tail Coat -
Swal-ler Tail Coat -

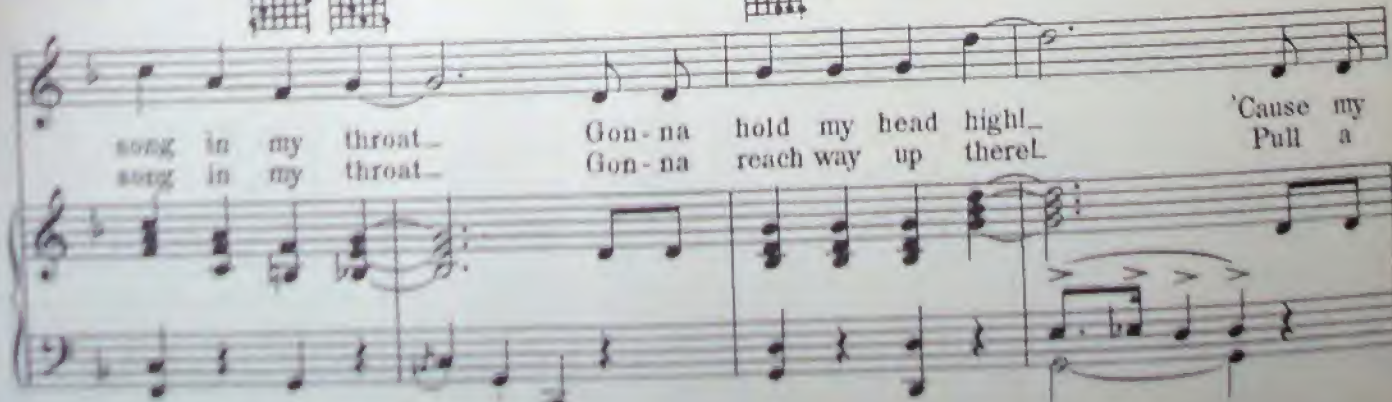
With a jin-gle in my pock-ets and a
With a jin-gle in my pock-ets and a



song in my throat -
song in my throat -

Gon - na hold my head high -
Gon - na reach way up there!

'Cause my
Pull a





hon - ey's re - ply — Put a mil - lion bil - lion rain - bows in the
cloud from the air — With my hon - ey we'll go float - in' free from



(ad lib.)

sky. Dee-ee Dum, Dee-ee Dee - ee — Dum Ba dee Ba, Dee — Dee — Dum Ba dee Ba, Dee — Dee — Dum.
care.



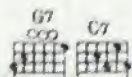
We'll go hon - ey-moon-in' in the morn-in'; We'll be hon - ey-moon-in' in the



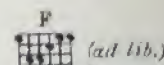
are - gin'. Gon - na count the minutes till the dawnin', Then I'll sing loud 'cause



Ill be rigged up — In a Swal-ler Tail Coat With a jin-gle in my



pock-ets and a song in my throat. When the Preach-er says "Rise!" And there's
Gon - na hold my head high! 'Cause my



"Yes" in her eyes — Down the aisle we'll both strut high - er than the skies Deeeedum, Deee
hon-ey's re - ply — Put a mil - lion bil - lion rain - bows in the sky.

1 2



D. S. S.

Dee - Dee - Dum Ba dee Ba, Dee - Dee - Dum Ba dee Ba, Dee - Dee - Dum Gon - na

Dee - Dee - Dum Ba dee Ba, Dee - Dee - Dum Ba dee Ba, Dee - Dee - Dum Gon - na

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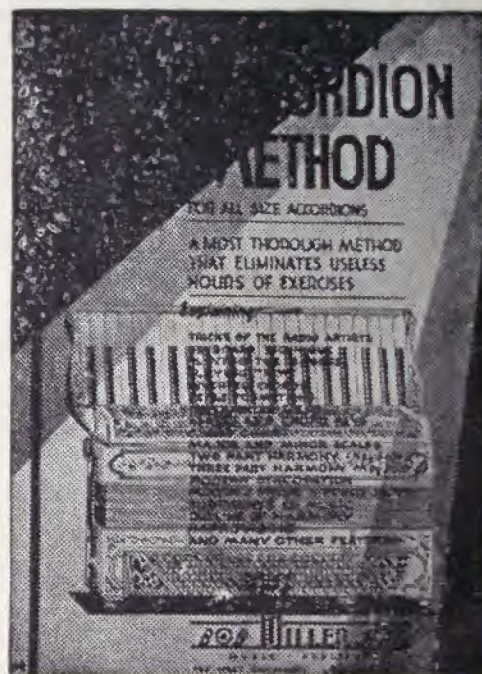
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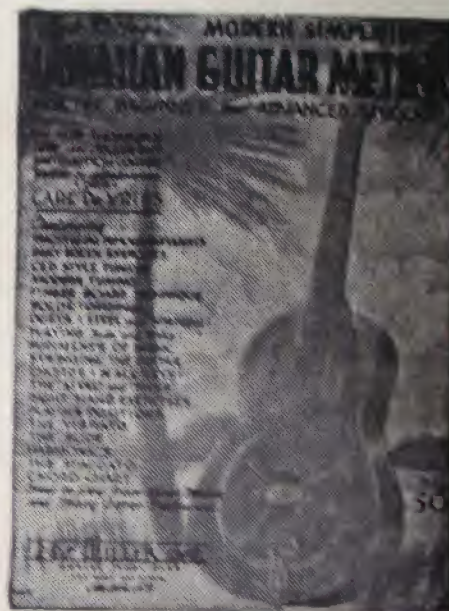


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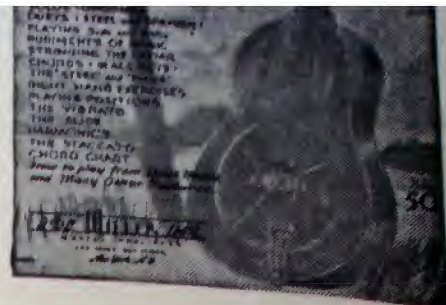
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THE TRAGIC ROMANCE

*Nestled in the heart of the Tennessee hills
Midst peaceful pines, midst the rocks and the rills
Stands my old homestead of long long ago
It brings back fond memories of one I love so.*

*I courted a Maiden so sweet and so fair
With Heavenly eyes and with chestnut brown hair
She told me she loved me and said she'd be mine
But I went away leaving her there behind.*

*I'll tell you the reason why I left her there
To roam this old world with its sorrow and care
I saw her one night in the arms of a man
Hugging and kissing as true lovers can.*

*I went to my home with a heart full of woe
I packed my belongings, determined to go
For many long years this old world I did roam
With thoughts of my sweetheart, my Darling, my own.*

*While dining one day in a little country town
A stranger walked in and he chanced to sit down
While talking of loved-ones I happened to find
That his sister was that old sweetheart of mine.*

*When he heard my story, to me he then said
The one you left there has a long time been dead
She waited so long for the day you'd return
But why you had left her she never did learn.*

*Now I am the man whom you saw that fatal night
Wrapped in the arms of my sister so tight
She loved you so dearly but you broke her heart
Poor stranger from her ever more you must part.*

I LOVE YOU STILL

*Once I held your hand so gently
Resting softly here in mine
Now you've gone and left me waiting
Don't you think that was unkind?*

CHORUS:

*Can't you hear the soft breeze sighing
Through the pine trees on the hills
Can't you hear me sweetheart crying
Crying 'cause I love You still?*

*When the Autumn leaves are falling
And the trees grow dark and bare
Often I will kiss the tresses
That you gave me from your hair.*

*Maybe you will soon forget me
Perchance dear you don't love me now
But my sad heart has grown fonder
Since the nite I kissed your brow.*

SECOND CHORUS:

*I know you heard the soft breeze sighing
On the night we said good-bye
Tell me do you hear it Darling
Do you think of me and cry?*

Lulu Belle's & Skyland Scotty's Home Folk SONGS



We gratefully dedicate this collection of our songs to our many Friends of the Airways, to the loyal listeners of WLS, and to Radio Station WLS itself, all of whom have made this book possible.

Lulu Belle + Skyland Scotty

Price 50 Cents

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LULU BELLE AND SKYLAND SCOTTY

"THE HAYLOFT SWEETHEARTS"

You know I feel proud that Lulu Belle and Scotty have asked me to say something about them in their song book. They're a great pair of youngsters. I don't have to tell you that. You folks who love them for their work on the air found it out long ago.

But you and I know that we admire them for more than their singing and playing. It's that indefinable "something" that is difficult to describe. For one thing, they are natural. Do you know that it's the height of artistry to be just plain natural? They are genuine and sincere. Although they are nationally famous radio personalities, they keep their feet on the ground. And their songs breathe their wholesome philosophy — their joy in living and spreading happiness — other big reasons why they appeal to common everyday folks.

You may think that this happy, carefree couple have high aspirations for fame and fortune in the world of entertainment. Perhaps they do have such ambition — and they may attain far greater heights, but that isn't their big ambition in life. The pot of gold at the end of their rainbow is that "cabin in the pines" in the Big Smokies of North Carolina—in the "Hills of Home" — where their favorite rhododendrons grow.

They have that cabin now. They like to visit it. And they're furnishing it just to suit their own desires and fancies. It's near Ingalls, North Carolina, not far from the spot where Great-great-grandfather, William Wiseman, settled when he came from England about the year 1750 — almost 200 years ago. Over the same land, Scotty used to herd his father's sheep as a lad. That one-room country school attended by Scotty and his five brothers and two sisters is just a little distance away.

While we're talking about "Skylark," as the Belle of the Barn Dance sometimes calls him, we'll tell you that he was born November 8, 1909, the seventh in Mr. and Mrs. Edd Wiseman's family. As a boy at home, his hobby was playing guitar and harmonica for square dances. He started to collect mountain ballads in his early teens. While a high school student at Crossnore School in North Carolina, he worked as a carpenter's helper to pay the bills. Then he attended Duke University for one year, following which he spent three years at Fairmont (W. Va.) Teachers College, where he won the award as the school's outstanding student during his last year and was also president of his Senior class.

At Fairmont, Scotty entered radio on Station WMMN, earning most of his expenses singing mountain ballads and helping in program work. After graduation, he was the station's program director for several months, until he had an opportunity to join the WLS staff in Chicago. You know well of his success on this station.

Scotty didn't know it, of course, but when he was a husky four-year-old youngster, a certain young lady, who was to mean everything to him 20 years later, was born at Boone, North Carolina, just 40 miles over the hills. She was christened Myrtle—a most welcome Christmas gift on December 24, 1913, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper. The father's contracting business soon took them to Huntington, West Virginia, and later to Miami, Florida, where Myrtle gained her schooling. Then in 1929, the family of four, including young brother, Pete, moved to Elizabethtown, Tennessee. To help her parents weather the storm of depression, Myrtle worked in a rayon silk mill in Elizabethtown.

In 1929, the Coopers moved to Evanston, Illinois, and it wasn't long until John Cooper came to the WLS studio and said, "I want you to hear my daughter sing. She's just as good as anyone on your Barn Dance." An audition was arranged and we heard Myrtle sing some of the mountain songs she had memorized at her mother's knee. (The first she had learned was "Butcher Boy.") In a few weeks, she was given her big chance to appear in the old hayloft at the Eighth Street Theater. That was when she was named "Lulu Belle"—a "cut-up" of a girl in calico dress and high-topped shoes who proved to be as sure and the same time the "plague" of her announcer and fellow performers—and an entirely new type of radio personality to her listeners—who soon voted emphatic approval of a rising star with their auditions and hundreds of fan letters.

Lulu Belle's rise to fame on the National Barn Dance was due to the home-like songs she sang, her wholesome comeliness and her ability to be without. She was "home folks," personified.

There came three great events into the life of this mountain-born girl. The first was her marriage to that boy who came from the "Land of the Sky," whom she first met at the Barn Dance. It was on December 15, 1934, that she wed Skyland Scotty. I'll never forget how they called me aside a few days before and Lulu Belle said, "Me an' Scotty's goin'."

Continued on next page



LULU BELLE

LINDA LOU

SKYLAND SCOTTY

to git hitched!" Comparatively few were aware of this radio romance. When the marriage was announced on WLS, listeners showered the happy couple with congratulations.

And when that second great event in Lulu Belle's life occurred on January 3, 1936,—the birth of the very blue-eyed and very red-haired Linda Lou—listeners again rejoiced with these radio sweethearts.

Then in October, 1936, when this unsophisticated girl was voted 1936 Radio Queen by readers of *Radio Guide*, in a contest participated in by all the nationally famous feminine air stars, Lulu Belle experienced the third great thrill of her career. And how pleased were her thousands of loyal friends to see her elevated to this regal position!

Multitudes of radio friends have packed mid-west theatres to see Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty and to applaud them. Their fan mail has been nothing short of phenomenal. And, while sincerely appreciating all such evidences of their popularity, this boy and girl are still amazed because folks make such "to do" over them.

When we see them hurrying away from the Barn Dance and their other broadcasts, we know that they're going to the place dearest to their hearts—*home* where vivacious little Linda Lou reigns unquestionably as queen. We know, too, that they are dreaming of the day when they can return to the Big Smokies—to that "cabin in the pines." They'll be among the home folks who are so proud of this boy and girl who became famous singing the ballads that mountain mothers have taught their children for generations. And Lulu Belle and Scotty will be happiest when the rhododendrons bloom in their "Hills of Home."

GEORGE C. BIGGAR,
Prairie Farmer Station WLS.

Home Comin' Time In Happy Valley

Words and Music by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. Oh, I know a land where the air is grand And the folks still work for a liv - ing And there comes a day, I am
2. There's a time of year when the sunshine's soft And the dis-tant hills are haz-y, When the hay's all packed in the

bound to say, When I wish I was back there with 'em Now it's not in the spring when the blue birds sing And it's
old hay-loft And the cows are fat and la-zy, Then it's time to bake an old hick-ry nut cake And to

not when the li-lac's bloom-ing; It's autumn time when the church bells chime On the day of the big re - un-ion.
sea-son up a few fried chickens. It's home coming day down Sweet water way And the folks are comin' hungry as the dickens.

CHORUS

It's home com-in' time in Hap-py Val-ley, ——— All the folks I used to know are gath-er-ing in the
It's home com-in' time in Hap-py Val-ley, ——— Folks don't sleep till roosters crow when pic-nic day comes

g7 C C7 F C

grove. The church bells will chime in Hap-py Val-ley, ——— Call-ing home the good old friends I love, ———
 round. The wild ros-es climb in Hap-py Val-ley, ——— On the road down to the old camp ground. ———

g7 C

Folks are goin' to gath-er from miles a-round, Have an all day sing-in' and din-ner on the ground
 Folks are com-in' dress'd in their Sun-day-go-meet-in' Pic-nic bas-kets full of good eat-in'

D7 C

Aunts and un-cles and dou-ble first cou-sins gath-er a-round and they greet you by the doz-en I'm go-ing
 Some come a-ridin' and some come a-walk-in' some come a-sing-in' and some come a-talk-in' I'll meet you

F C C7 F

down to Hap-py Val-ley ——— Sing the good old songs I used to hear. ——— Talk a-bout sing-in' and
 down in Hap-py Val-ley ——— When the harvest days have come and gone. ——— I'll be there with a

C Gm1 A7 Dm1 Fm1 G7 C

sweet com-union Just come a-round to the big re-un-ion Down in Hap-py Val-ley once a-year.
 gal named I-da Nib-bling cake and a-sip-pin' ci-der Till they sing the last re-un-ion song.

THERE'S SOMEBODY WAITING

With feeling

Arr. by LULU BELLE

1. Oh the moon is shin-ing bright And the stars give out their light And the eve - ning in - vites us to
 2. Oh they ask me to sing And my mu - sic they bring It is meet me in the moon-light once a -

stray ——— But in vain do I talk for a nice moon-light walk, For I'm here And I
 gain ——— It is get-ting might-y late, I'm a - feard that he won't wait And he'll go If it

can't get a - way ——— I'm a bird in a cage And they say at my age That they
 comes on to rain ——— And now they pro - pose All the shut - ters to close As a

seed - der as how it can be ——— For a walk in the cold If the truth it must be
 form in the moon-light I see ——— But be-fore they are a - ware I'll sneak down the back

CHORUS

told There is some-bod-y wait-ing for me. Oh there's some-bod-y wait-ing, wait-ing,
stairs Where there's some-bod-y wait-ing for me. Some-bod-y wait-ing, oh there's some-bod-y wait-ing for me. Oh there's some-bod-y
wait-ing, wait-ing, Some-bod-y wait-ing, oh there's some-bod-y wait-ing for me.

THE FIRST WHIPPOORWILL SONG

Moderato

Arrangement by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

1. Oh meet me when day-light is fad-ing And dark-en-ing in to the night, When
2. We said that what-ev-er sweet e-motions May be throb-bing with-in a fond heart, When
3. And in the long years of the fu-ture Though our du-ties may part us a-while, And

song birds are sing-ing their ves-pers, — And the day is van-ished from sight. — And So
list-ning to whip-poor-wills sing-ing, — For a twelfth month will never de-part. — Yet
on the re-tur-n of this eve-ning, — We are sev-ered by ma-ny a mile.

then I will tell you my dar-ling — Of the love I have cher-ished so long, — If
then we will meet in the wood-land, — Far a-way from the hur-ry-ing throng, — And
deep in our hearts we will cher-ish, — The af-fec-tion so fer-vent and strong, — That we

you will but meet me this eve-ning, — When you hear the first whip-poor-will's song.
whis-per our love to each oth-er, — When we hear the first whip-poor-will's song.
pledged to each oth-er this eve-ning, — When we heard the first whip-poor-will's song.

CHORUS

Whip-poor-will, — Whip-poor-will, — When you hear the first whip-poor-will's song, — Oh

meet me to-ri-ght, sweet heart, meet me, — When you hear the first whip-poor-will's song.

DARBY'S RAM

7

Arranged by SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. Old Dar-by lived a - cross the creek, And when he told a tale, Ev'ry min-now

in that creek Got big-ger than Jo-nah's whale. Oh was-n't he a big un, boys, Oh

was-n't he a big un, boys, Oh was-n't he a big un, boys, Be-fore they cut him down.

CHORUS

2. We used to set with open mouths
And listen to his yarns
About the days when he was young
Before us boys were born.

3. My grand dad had an old buck sheep,
I still can hear him say,
One of the finest rams, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

4. He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had sir
Would cover an acre of land.

5. The wool that grewed on this rams breast
Reached down to the ground,
And when they sheared him every spring
Weighed fourteen thousand pounds.

6. The wool that grewed on this ram's neck,
Reached up to the sky,
And the eagles built their nest in it,
For I've heard the young ones cry.

7. This old ram, he had a horn
That reached up to the moon.
A man climbed up it in January
And never got back till June.

8. The butcher man that cut his throat
Was washed away in the blood,
And the little boy that held the bowl
Was drowned in the flood.

Grand Daddy's Old Brown Pants

Brown Rantals

Moderato

1. Oh my grand dad lived to be the age of eight-y three, But one day e - ven

he turned up his toes Now I nev - er shall for - get, For I al - ways was his

pet And I cried till the wrink - les gath - er'd around my nose When they laid him a

way on that dark - sum - mer day, I walked a round like some - one in a trance

They were read - ing off the will and they said now broth - er Bill, He has left to you his

CHORUS

old brown pants. How they snick-ered, how they sneered,

How my broth-er and my sis-ter leered— They chaffed and they guyed me when-

ev-er they had the chance For grand dad on-ly left to me his old brown pants.

2. Now these pants were slightly worn,
 Their knees were ripped and torn
 And the seat had been three times half-soled and heeled,
 They were also weather-stained, having been out in the rain
 As a scarecrow doing service in the field.
 But I threw them o'er my arm and I took them to the barn
 In spite of sneers from sisters, cousins, aunts,
 For I said now brother Jim, my wardrobe is pretty slim,
 And I'm glad to get these old pants.
2. Now one day brother Jim, he went out to take a swim,
 Hung his clothes up on some bushes that were nigh.
 Soon there came a billy goat, chewed up his pants and coat,
 And shortly after I was passing by.
 He was caught in such a pinch that he couldn't budge an inch,
 That evening I took his girl to the dance,
 And I told now brother Jim, sure your chance is pretty slim,
 Don't you wish you had the old brown pants.

Who's That Tapping at the Garden Gate

Moderato

By S. W. NEW

1. Whos that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate,
 2. Oh yo sly lit-tle fox you know Fidget-ing a-bout un-til you go.

Ev-'ry night I have heard of late, Some-bod-y tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
 Dropp'd the su-gar spoon why there it lies, Bless the girl where are your eyes?

What, you sly lit-tle puss, don't you know, Why do you blush and fal-ter so?
 Were I a-ble to leave my chair, Soon would I find out who was there;

What are you look-ing for un-der the chair, The tap tap tap-ping comes not from there.
 Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap tap tap like that.

roll.

CHO. 11

Ev - 'ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap tap tap-ping at the gar-den gate.

p *a tempo*

Ev - 'ry night a-bout half past eight, There's tap tap tap-ping at the gar-den gate.

What Are Little Girls Made of

Moderato

1. Oh what are lit-tle girls made of my love, What are lit-tle girls made of, —

Su-gar and spice and ev-'ry-thing nice, That's what lit-tle girls are made out of. —

mf

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. What are little boys made of, my love,
What are little boys made of,
Snakes and snails and puppy dogs tails,
That's what little boys are made out of</p> <p>3. What are young men made of, my love,
What are young men made of,
Cigarettes and canes and very little brains,
That's what young men are made out of.</p> | <p>4. What's an old maid made of, my love,
What's an old maid made of,
Of powder and paint till she looks what she aint,
That's what an old maid is made out of.</p> <p>5. What's an old bachelor made of, my love,
What's an old bachelor made of,
Of shirts that are torn and bunions and corns
That's what an old bachelor's made out of.</p> |
|---|--|

THE WRECK OF THE 423

Words and Music by
SKYLAND SCOTTY
and PAT MacADORY

Slowly

1. 'Twas a long time a - go so they tell it to me, The night of the wreck of the

Four Twen - ty Three, There was on - ly one man a - live of her crew, On the

ill - fat - ed mail train that nev - er came through. CHORUS

Sad, sad the

day she ev - er pulled out on the track,

Sad, sad the wives of the hus-bands that nev - er came

back, Sad, sad the fate of the

one man that's left of her crew. Tho' sight-less and frail, he can

still tell the tale Of the mail train that nev-er came through.

2. But once in a great while today you may see
A man who remembers the Four Twenty Three.
He sits in a wheel chair, his sight is all gone
But deep in his mind there's a picture been drawn.
3. It's the shock of the wreck and the old days come back,
And he sees that wild train plunging off of the track,
And he covers his eyes with a thin trembling hand,
Just a wreck of the past, just an old railroad man.
4. Oh that long ago wreck was a terrible sight;
For the bridge o'er the valley had weakened that night.
The girders gave way and the engine plunged down,
And the dead and the dying lay there on the ground.
5. It was only the breakman that lived through the wreck,
But better for him had he never come back,
For as long as he lingers he never will see
Anything since the wreck of the Four Twenty Three.

GOOD NITE DARLING

Revised by
LULU BELLE

Moderato

1. *Moderato*
Sich a hap-py girl am I And I'll tell you the rea-son why It's be-cause I'm en-
gaged to sich a dear. He comes al-most ev-'ry day And be-fore he goes a-
way, He al-ways whis-pers in my ear. Good-night dar-ling I must
leave you Just one more kiss be-fore I go I'll be back to-mor-row
night If I can-not come I'll write, A line or two to let my dar-ling know.

2. He has teeth as white as pearls
And such darling yeller curls
And his name is Alexander David Lee
He's the joy of all my life
And I'm soon goin' to be his wife
Then these words I no longer have to hear.

3. Now young girls all bear in mind
A true lover is hard to find
When you find one you know that's good and true
It is best to remember this
He expects another kiss
Or another word or two before he goes.

15

CHEWING CHAWING GUM

Moderato

Arr. by LULU BELLE

1. Mam-my don't al-low me to whis-tle, Pap-py don't al-low me to sing, Scot-ty don't want me to
chew an-y gum, But I chew it just the same. Oh I chew and I chaw, I chaw and I chaw, I
chew and I chaw my gum. I chew and chaw, chaw and chew I chew and I chaw my gum.

CHORUS

2. Mama sent me to the store,
She told me not to stay.
But I fell in love with a pretty little feller
And there I stayed all day.

3. When he asked to see me home,
I thought it would be fun,
But I tried my best and I couldn't say yes
'Cause my mouth was full of gum.

4. He came to see me Saturday night
I met him at the gate,
And there we stood and talked of love
Until it was quite late.

5. When he asked me to be his wife,
I suddenly felt so dumb.
I would have said no, but about that time
I swallowed a package of gum.

6. When the wedding day it came
As wedding days will come,
I stood right up in the preacher's face
And chewed my chawing gum.

Valse moderato

HONEY SUCKLE TIME

Words and Music by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

1. The last rays of sun-set were kiss-ing the trees That stood on the moun-tain tops high, — And
down in the val-ley a sad moun-tain-er, Was bid-ding his bud-dy good - bye, — I'm
leav-ing this val-ley, I'm go-ing a - way. To some dis-tant cit-y be - low, — So
car-ry this mes-sage to the one I love, But don't tell her why I'm say-ing good-bye.
Tell her I'll come back — In hon - ey suck - le time — When

hum - ming birds are hum - ming round the vines

Tell her I'll be true to her as she is true to me.

Tell her I'll come back to her in hon - ey suck - le time.

2. The years rolled along and dame fortune was kind
 To the lad who had wandered away,
 But still he was true to the girl left behind
 And the message he'd sent her that day.
 One day he rode back to the old mountain shack
 Of the girl he had loved for so long,
 And soft on the breeze came a song through the trees
 And these are the words of the song that he heard.

What Would You Give in Exchange For Your Soul

J. J. BERRY

J. H. CARR

1. Broth-er a - far from the Sav-ior to - day Risk-ing your soul for the

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things that de - cay Oh if to - day God should call you a - way

CHORUS

What would you give in ex-change for your soul What would you give in ex-change

What would you give in ex-change What would you give in ex-change for your soul

Oh if to day God should call you a-way What would you give in ex-change for your soul.

2. Mercy is calling you, won't you give heed?
 For the dear Savior still tenderly pleads.
 Risk not your soul, it is precious indeed,
 What would you give in exchange for your soul?

3. If, when you stand at the bar by and by,
 When you are weighed in the balance on high,
 You should be sentenced forever to die,
 What would you give in exchange for your soul?

I WISH I WAS A SINGLE GIRL AGAIN

19

Revised by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

Modto

1. When I was sin-gle I used to be a-fraid, No one would ev-er wed me and I'd
die a sour old maid Now I am married and I set me down to weep; Cause my
hus band smokes to-bac-co And he snores in his sleep. Lord, I wish I was a
sin-gle girl a - gain, Lord, I wish I was a sin-gle girl a - gain.

CHORUS

2. When I was single, I had fellers by the score,
Now I am married and they don't come back no more.
Now I am married and my husband is a brute;
He made me sew a button on his flannel undersuit.
3. When I was single and he used to come to court,
He always brought me candy and I thought him a good sport.
Now we are married and oh, what do you think,
He buys a gingham apron and he shows me to the sink.
4. When I was single I was jealous as a shrew
Of the women with their babies, cause I wished I had one too.
Now I've got a baby, she's as sweet as any rose,
Bud aint it aggravatin' when you have to clean her nose.

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GET ALONG DOWN TO TOWN

Arr. by SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. I went down to town,
 blue-eyed gal, And I could not get a-way. Oh get a-long down to town, That a-long down to town,
 Get a-long down to Lynchburg town far to carry my to-back, or down.

2. Peaches in the springtime
 Apple in the fall,
 If I kaint marry that blue eyed gal,
 Aint goin' to marry at all.
3. Wouldn't marry a lazy gal,
 Tell you the reason why,
 She'd have so many poor kinfolks
 They'd make my biscuits fly.

4. Wouldn't marry a city gal,
 Tell you the reason why,
 She's always spending money,
 And that don't suit my eye.
5. Beefsteak when I'm hungry,
 Bittermilk when I'm dry,
 Greenbacks when I'm hard up,
 And heaven when I die.

DOWN IN THE DIVING BELL

Arr. by SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. Oh once I was a sail-or bold, The truth to you I'll tell, But I ve-ry soon gave

up that job To go down in a div-ing bell. The mer-maids came to meet me Be-fore

I got half-way down, Nice lit-tle mer-maids, pret-ty lit-tle mer-maids All came bob-ing

CHO. around. Way down in a div-ing bell at the bot-tom of the sea, Down be-low on the

o-cean's floor are the pret-ti-est sights to see, Way down in a div-ing bell at the


bot-tom of the sea, Nice lit-tle mer-maids, pret-ty lit-tle mer-maids all came court-ing me.

22 2. There was one pretty mermaid,
To love me she made bold,
But she slipped away because you know
A fish you cannot hold.
Her mother brought her back again
And whispered in my ear
That if I liked I might to her
Get married way down here.

3. Well very soon we married were
In a house that's built of shells,
The clergyman wore a bathing suit
And the codfish rang the bell.
We'd fun in great variety,
Of fiddlers we had three,
And we danced all night that very same night
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

TIGHTWAD TIM

Words and Music by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

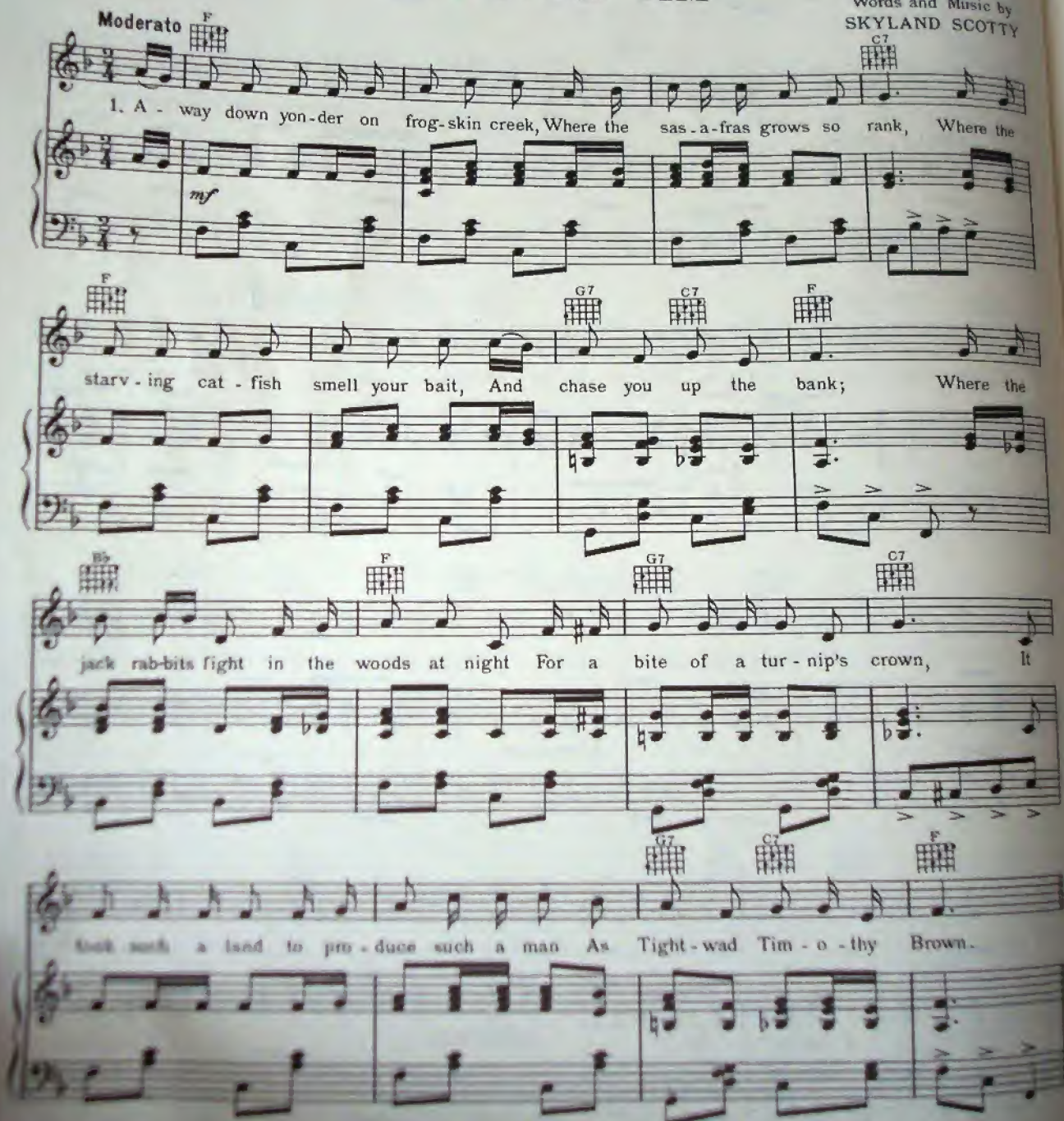
Moderato 

1. A - way down yon-der on frog-skin creek, Where the sas-a-fras grows so rank, Where the

starv-ing cat-fish smell your bait, And chase you up the bank; Where the

jack-rab-bits fight in the woods at night For a bite of a tur-nip's crown, It

took such a land to pro-duce such a man As Tight-wad Tim-o-thy Brown.



CHORUS

23

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus with the following lyrics: "His christian name is Tim-o-thy Brown But they call him Tight-wad Tim. You can turn the whole world up-side down For a man as stin-gy as him. Talk a-bout a skin-flint Scotch-man, I've had deal-ings with him; Men or wom-en, if you want a trim-min' Fool a-round with Tight-wad Tim." The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and dynamic markings like *mf*. Chord diagrams for F, Bb, G7, and C7 are provided above the staff. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

2. No doubt you know all about the man
 Who stutters whenever he talks;
 Well, Tightwad Tim is a man so tight
 He squeaks whenever he walks.
 His poor old wife leads an awful life,
 Can't you pity the way she feels,
 For Tim always carries her false teeth around
 So she can't eat between meals.

4. Timmy invented a mousetrap too
 Just as stingy as you please,
 It always catches and kills the mouse
 Before he can eat the cheese.
 He saw that bees made honey
 And lightning bugs made light,
 So he crossed the breeds and now his bees
 Are working day and night.

3. Tightwad Tim's got a housefull of kids
 And all but six are boys.
 He lets 'em play on a Christmas day
 With a shovel and a hoe for toys.
 They dodge when they hear him coming,
 And they tremble when they hear him shout
 Climb over that fence, let the gate stay shut,
 You'll wear the hinges out.

Moderato

OLD ROVER

Arr. by SKYLAND SCOTTY

1. Two lit-tle boys and an old fam-'ly dog, By the banks of a stream stood one day. The

boys had de-cid-ed old Rov-er must die, A nui-sance well out of the way. The

no-ble old fel-low stood close by their side, His fate he could-n't quite un-der-stand, With a

wag of his tail and a half sob-bing wail, His bark seemed to soft-ly com-mand. —

I am your ver-y best friend, boys, No one could love you more true. Al-

The score includes guitar chords: F, C7, F7, Bb, A7, Bb, Bb m1, F, Bb, and F.

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tho' you may whip me and beat me to day, To-mor-row I'll play games with you.

I know I'm old and quite in the way, But life to me still has its charms. I have

on - ly one fa - vor to ask of you boys, Let me spend my last days on the farm.

2. A stone round his neck they were ready to tie,
 And nothing it seemed would avail,
 Just then one of the boys fell into the stream.
 The other stood by deathly pale.
 A loud cry for help; Old Rover sprang in,
 No sign of old age or delay,
 As he slowly swam back to the shore with the boy,
 The waves dashing by seemed to say.

NORA

Arr. by JAN E. KAPUSTKA

Moderato

Words & Music by
 SKYLAND SCOTTY

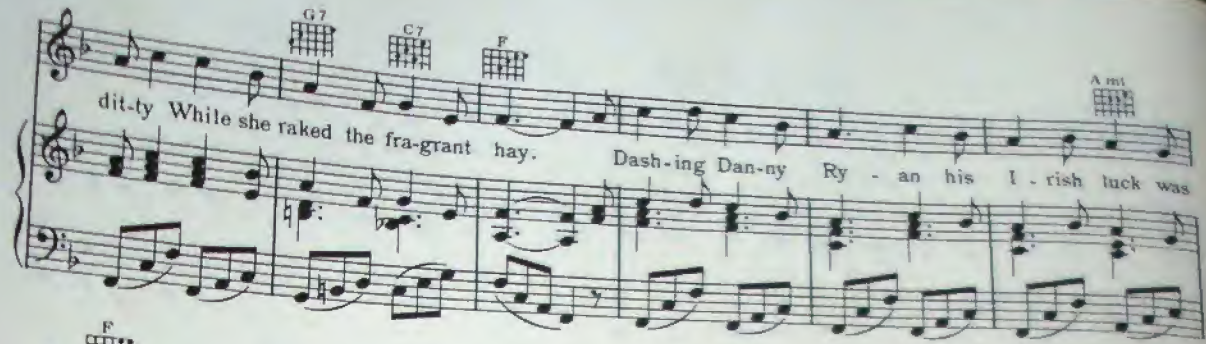
1. 'Twas in the land of blar - ney Where lit - tle No - ra Kar - ney Would hum an I - rish

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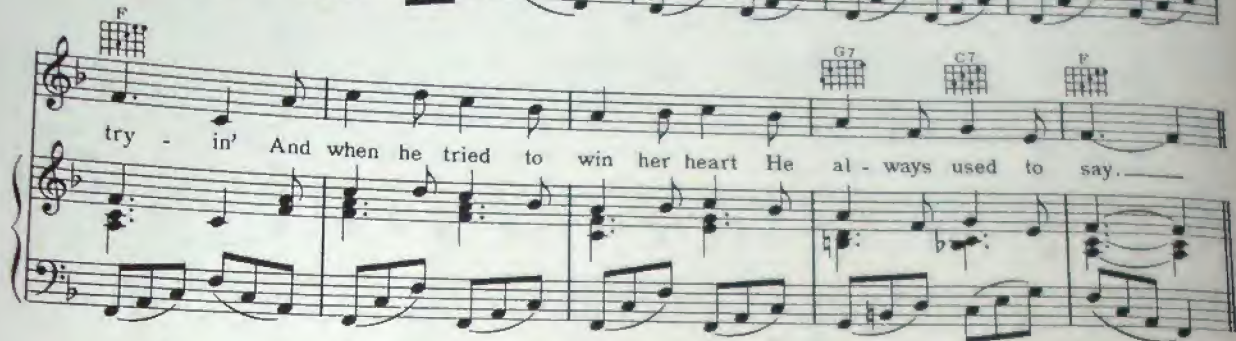
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dit-ty While she raked the fra-grant hay. Dash-ing Dan-ny Ry - an his I - rish luck was

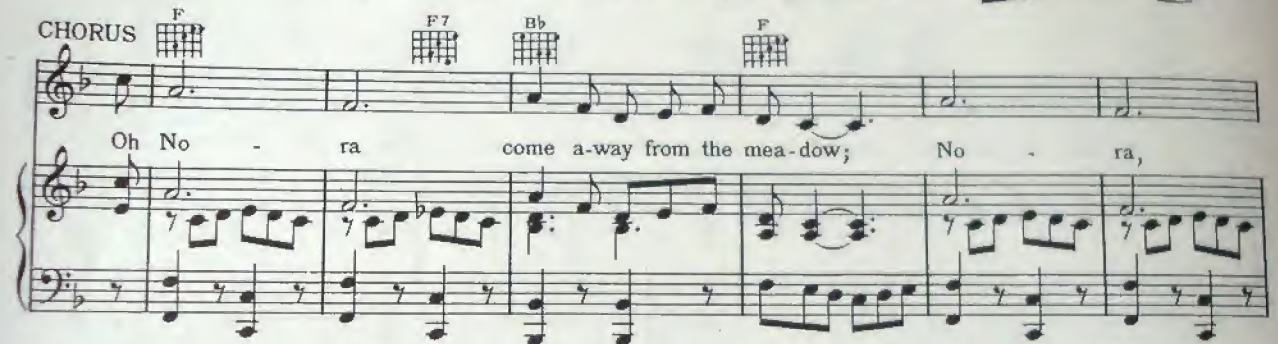


try - in' And when he tried to win her heart He al - ways used to say. —

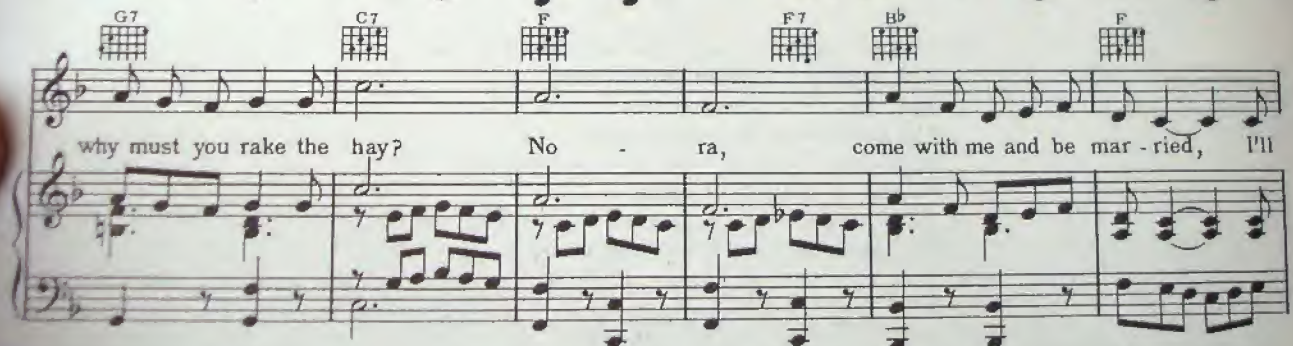


CHORUS

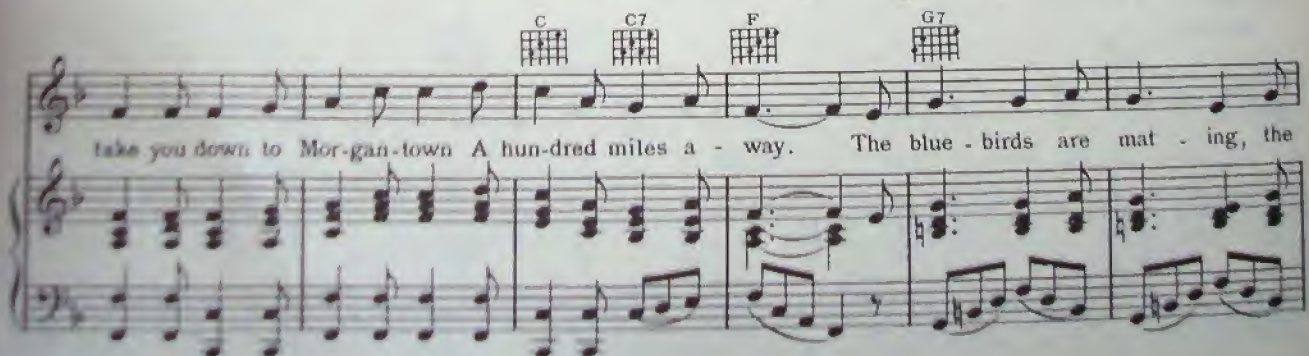
Oh No - ra come a-way from the mea-dow; No - ra,



why must you rake the hay? No - ra, come with me and be mar - ried, I'll



take you down to Mor-gan-town A hun-dred miles a - way. The blue - birds are mat - ing, the



C G7 C
 church bells are wait - ing To ring out the tid - ings that you and I are wed, And
 G7 C G7
 oh you're so pret - ty, the folks in the cit - y Will wine you and dine you e -
 C G7 F F7 Bb F
 nough to turn your head. Oh No - ra, Say good-bye to your fa - ther,
 G7 C7 F F7
 No - ra, prom-ise to be my queen; No - ra,
 Bb F C7 F
 come with me to the cit - y And I'll de-light to show you sights you nev-er yet have seen.

2. Pretty little Nora,
 Like her ma before her,
 Could always look for blarney
 On a lovely summer's day.

She said, "If you remember
 Your love in bleak December,
 'Tis then you'll get your answer,
 If you'll come again and say."

I HARDLY THINK I WILL

Moderato

Arr. by LULU BELLE

1. A fel-ler such a fel-ler A fel-ler nev-er seen He's nei-ther white nor yel-ler But he's
 2. He talks a-bout a house That stands a-mong the trees, And what do you think the block-head, Got
 al-to-geth-er green. He came last night to see me and he made so long a stay I real-ly thought the
 down up-on his knees The tears the fel-ler shed was e-nough to run a mill He wish-es me to
 block-head would nev-er go a-way. Oh my hints he would not take And he lin-gered, lin-gered
 wed him but I hard-ly think I will. I bought a lit-tle book Just to see what was in
 still He wish-es me to wed him But I hard-ly think I will, I hard-ly think I
 it He said if I didn't mar-ry him He would-n't live a minute, Now this lit-tle book
 will Oh I hard-ly think I will He wish-es me to wed him But I hard-ly think I will.
 said That you must-n't ev-er kill So I thought the mat-ter o-ver And I guess I'll mar-ry Bill.

TWILIGHT IS STEALING

29

Slowly

1. Twi-light is steal-ing o-ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing dark on the lea;
 Born on the night winds voic-es of yore Come from a-far off shore.
 CHO. Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies Where the love light nev-er, nev-er dies
 Gleam-eth a man-sion filled with de-light, Sweet hap-py home so bright.

2. Come in the twilight, come, come to me
 Bringing some message over the sea,
 Cheering my pathway while here I roam,
 Seeking that far off home.
3. Voices of loved ones, songs of the past
 Still linger round me while life shall last;
 Lonely I wander, sadly I roam
 Seeking that far off home.

Boys Can Whistle Girls Must Sing

Revised by
LULU BELLE

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes guitar chords (C, G7, F, D7, C) and piano dynamics (mf). The lyrics are as follows:

1. Grand - ma Grump said a cu - ri - ous thing, Boys can whis - tle but girls must sing.
 That is what I heard her say, 'Twas no long - er than yes - ter - day.
 CHO. Boys can whis - tle (whistle.....) Girls can yo - dle (yodle.....)
 Boys can whis - tle (whistle.....) Girls can yo - dle and they both can sing.

2. Boys can whistle, of course they may,
 They can whistle the live long day.
 Why can't girls whistle too, pray tell,
 If they manage to do it well.
3. Grandma Grump says it never would do,
 Gives a very good reason too,
 Whistling girls and crowing hens
 Always come to some bad end.

4. Grandpa glad sings a different song,
 He says Grandma Grump is wrong.
 A whistling girl and a frolicking sheep
 Are the very best things that a man can keep.
5. Asked my pappy the reason why
 Boys couldn't yodel as well as I,
 He says to me, "It's the natural thing
 For boys to whistle and girls to sing."

TIME ENOUGH YET

Music by 31
SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. I court-ed as long as the siege of old Troy, To win a fair maid-en my time did em-ploy,
But when I asked her the wed-ding to set, The an-swer she gave me was, "Time e-nough yet."

CHO. Time e-nough yet, there's time e-nough yet, The an-swer she gave me was, "Time e-nough yet."

- 2nd V. I picked up my hat and stepped out of the door,
Declaring I'd be in her presence no more.
Says I, "This fair maid will have cause to regret"
That the answer she gave me was, "Time enough yet."
- CHO. Time enough yet, there's time enough yet,
That answer she gave me was, "Time enough yet."
- 3rd V. Next morning her servant came to me in haste,
And I casually asked him what had taken place.
He said his young mistress did nothing but fret,
And I told him to tell her, "There's time enough yet."
- CHO. Time enough yet, there's time enough yet,
I told him to tell her, "There's time enough yet."
- 4th V. She wrote me a letter as long as my arm,
Declaring within it that she'd meant no harm.
I picked up my chair and down in it I sat,
And I wrote her for answer, "There's time enough yet."
- CHO. Time enough yet, there's time enough yet,
I wrote her for answer, "There's time enough yet."
- 5th V. Now all you young maidens who have sweethearts a plenty,
Be sure you get married before you are twenty,
For if you do not you are sure to regret
The first time you answered, "There's time enough yet."
- CHO. Time enough yet, time to regret
The first time you answered, "There's time enough yet."

COME HOME TO THE VALLY

Arranged by Larry Kurtze

by Skyland Scotty

1. Far a - way from the cool peace-ful hills, _____ In a cit - y where build-ings are
2. Then he fold - ed the let - ter a - way, _____ And he told me a sto - ry so

high, _____ I was watch-ing a sad lone-ly man, _____ As he brushed back a
sad _____ Of a youth who had cho - sen to stray _____ From a heart - brok - en

tear from his eye. _____ He was read-ing a let - ter, his sad head was bowed, It was
moth-er and dad. _____ And he said, "I have wan-dered all o - ver the earth, I have

held in a trem - bling hand _____ As o - ver and o - ver he read it a -
lived with the rich and the poor, _____ But I've found no place like the land of my

Chorus

loud, These words I could just un-der-stand. Come home to the val-ley and your
 birth, So read me this let-ter once more!

lit-tle blue eyed Sal-ly, She's watch-ing and wait-ing in vain, For when the night is

fall-ing and the whip-poor-wills are call-ing, Ev-ry breeze seems to whis-per your name. The

old folks are a-ged and wear-y, They beg you no lon-ger to roam, Ev-ry

day you're a-way they are look-ing and long-ing, Come home to the val-ley, come home.

THIS TRAIN

Arr. by SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. There's a Ho - ly Rol - ler preach - er Way down South in Ten - nes - see, When the con - gre - ga - tion

gath - ers, He's as hap - py as can be. Now here's a lit - tle sam - ple Of the

mu - sic that they sing, When the preach - er preach - es "Breth - ren, get on board that gos - pel train!"

CHO. This train will car - ry you to glo - ry, this train, This train will

car - ry you to glo - ry, this train, This train will car - ry you to glo - ry

CHORUS

Don't car-ry noth-ing but the right-eous and ho-ly, this train.

2nd VERSE Then the preacher says, "A gambler cannot ride this gospel train,"
And the congregation answers back with all its might and main.

2nd CHO: This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train,
This train don't carry no gamblers,
No pick pockets nor hobo ramblers,
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

3rd VERSE Then the preacher says, "A burglar cannot ride this gospel train."
And the congregation answers back with all their might and main.

3rd CHO: This train don't carry no burglars, this train,
This train don't carry no burglars, this train,
This train don't carry no burglars,
No cutthroats nor whiskey gurglers,
This train don't carry no burglars, this train.

MY LAST OLD DOLLAR

Arr. by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

Lively

1. Oh my last old dol - lar's gone, Oh my last old dol - lar's gone, My
2. Hon - ey I'm craz-y a-bout you, Hon - ey I'm crazy a-bout you. I'm
3. I wish I was a mole in the ground, I wish I was a mole in the ground, If I
4. I wish I was a liz-ard in the spring, I wish I was a lizard in the spring, If I
5. I wish I had a thousand dol-lar bill, I wish I had a thousand dol-lar bill, If I

Board bill is due and my wash-ing is to do And my last old dol - lar's gone.
craz - y a-bout you and an - oth - er girl too, Oh hon - ey what am I goin' to do.
was a mole in the ground, I would root this moun-tain down, And I wish I was a mole in the ground.
was a lizard in the spring, I could hear my don-ey sing And I wish I was a liz-ard in the spring.
had it I would go where these chill-y winds don't blow, And I wish I had a thousand dol-lar bill.

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RING, RING THE BANJO

By STEPHEN FOSTER

1. The beau-ties of cre - a - tion will nev - er lose their charm While I roam the old plan -

ta - tion With my true love on my arm. Ring, ring the ban - jo, I

like that good old song Come a - gain good for tune, oh where you been so long.

CHORUS

2. Oh never count the bubbles while there's water in the spring
And never count your troubles while you've got a song to sing.
3. Oh once I felt so lucky, my massa set me free,
I went to old Kentucky to see what I could see.
4. I couldn't go no farther away from massa's door,
I loved him all the harder when I got back home once more.

PRISONER AT THE BAR

Arranged by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

With feeling

1. The judge was there, the jur - y too And peo - ple from a - far, A
2. A maid - en fair with gold - en hair Swept swift - ly through the crowd The
3. Oh judge, your mind must wan - der back To those long years gone by, And
4. Next Sun - day is our wed - ding day, We dreamed of won - drous life When

fair young lad of ten - der youth Was pris - 'ner at the bar. The
 peo - ple gazed in won - der but Spoke not one word a - loud. Then
 see your sweet - heart and your - self Just like this lad and I. If
 at the al - tar he will make Me his own lov - ing wife. Un -

great court room was crowd - ed With an ea - ger, an - xious throng, And
 turn - ing to the judges stand One mo - ment did she pause, And
 you have chil - dren of your own, Have mer - cy I do pray. Re -
 less you aim to blight our lives, Don't say that we must part, And

ma - ny a heart was ach - ing for The boy ac - cused of wrong.
 smil - ing through her tears she said, "Judge let me plead the cause.
 mem - ber judge you'll break my heart If you send him a - way.
 don't for - get your lov - ing wife Was once your own sweet - heart.

5. The judge rose softly from his seat,
 The court was still as death,
 The tears were trickling down his cheeks,
 He spoke in faltering breath,
 "I have a little girl at home
 With just such baby eyes
 And seeds of mercy scattered here
 Will flourish in the skies."

6. The jury did not leave the room
 For they were quick agreed,
 The foreman briefly signed a note
 And gave the clerk to read.
 "Not guilty" were the only words
 The maiden heard them say.
 Her lover pressed her to his heart,
 Love always finds a way.

A SCOLDING WIFE

Arranged by SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. You have oft-en heard it asked What makes a wo-man talk so fast, She nips a-round in
ev-'ry bit of news. She will talk a man to death Be-fore
he can catch his breath, And the way they wag their tongue it beats the deuce.
CHORUS
But to stop it nev-er try, I'll tell you the rea-son why, In ev-'ry thing you
say they'll get the best of you, So take my ad-vice and drop it For I'm

sure you can-not stop it,— There's not a liv-ing woman's tongue that'll take a rest.

2. How do you reckon husband feels when he sits down to his meals
And the chinning music, then it will commence.
When he's off a-workin' hard she'll be standing in the yard
Just a-chinning to some man across the fence.
3. Now the young folks go a-courtin', they say it's just for sport,
The old folks say you'll marry while you're young.
If you'd live a peaceful life, never marry a scolding wife,
Just marry one that's blind, deaf and dumb.

THE AKRON'S LAST FLIGHT

Words and Music by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. On the night of the third day of A-pril, With sev-en-ty-six men for a crew, Out of her han-gar at Lake-hurst The Ak-ron, a great air-ship flew. Might-y men of war were a-board her As she

sped on her way through the night But lit-tle did they knew when they start-ed to go That this was her last fa-tal flight The Ak-ron, queen of the heav-ens No more shall we see you on high The wind and the wave took their toll of the Brave When you gave up your place in the sky.

2. A few hours trip o'er the ocean,
The men were both carefree and warm.
A great sturdy ship like the Akron
They thought, could defy any storm;
Then came the hour of midnight,
They rested in comfort no more.
Her rudders were gone and the storm raging on,
As she battled her way toward the shore.

3. The crew and her noble commander
Stood by and awaited the crash
While she plunged from the sky to the ocean,
And there by the waves she was lashed.
Of seventy six men that were with her,
After the wreck it was found
They saved only three from the storm and the sea,
And all of the others were drowned.

4. She once was the pride of the nation,
But now she is lost neath the waves.
And children still weep for their fathers who sleep
With her wreck in a watery grave.
In the words of the man in the White House,
We can build back the Akron anew,
But we can't pay the cost for the lives that were lost
Of the brave men who died with her crew.

CHARMING BETSY

41

Arr. by SKYLAND SCOTTY

Guitar
Moderato

1. Meet me out in the moon-light, oh meet me, ———— Meet me out in the moon-light a - lone ————

For I have a sad sto - ry to tell you ———— It's a sto - ry that's nev - er been told ———— Oh

CHO. fly around this moun-tain charm-ing Bet-sy ———— Oh fly around this mountain Co-ra Lee And

if you nev - er see me an - y more ———— Just look at my ring and think of me. ————

8

2. Now your parents they both are ag'in me,
They have driv'n me away from your door,
And if I had my days to live over,
I would never go back any more.

3. Oh, I'd rather live in some dark hollow,
Where the sun had refused for to shine
Than to know you would marry another,
And would never again be mine.

4. Oh you may have some friends on the ocean,
And you may have some friends across the sea,
When you've rambled this wide world over,
You will find no friend like me.

In The Days When I Was Hard Up

S. M. DUGGAR

Lively

1. In the days when I was hard up Not ma - ny years a - go, My hair pro-trud - ed through my hat, My shirt was cal - i - co. I had a ban - dage round my toe, A stone bruise on my heel I took a peck of corn to mill To get a lit - tle meal. Hard up, hard up, I nev - er shall for - get, The days when I was hard up, But I may be well off yet.

2. In the days when I was hard up,
For lack of food and fire,
I used to tie my old shoes up
With little bits of wire.
Relations and companions,
They all turned up their nose
And rated me a vagabond
For the want of better clothes.

3. In the days when I was hard up
For meat to grease within
I swallowed a bite tied to a string
Then hauled it back again.
I sat down on the woodpile
And heard the thunders peal
And tried to beat the devil down
For tempting me to steal.

4. In the days when I was hard up
I had the whooping cough;
I sat down on a red hot stove
And burned my britches off.
I peeled my nose against a tree
Trying to catch a coon
And strained my eyeballs inside out
While gazing at the moon.

5. I found when you are hard up
A family is no fun;
It's all a poor mans heritage
Starvation for to shun.
I sat for hours all alone
And pondered holy writs
And wondered what old satan does
For epileptics fits.

43

Moderato

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GOIN' TO LITTLE CREEK

Arr. by JAN E. KAPUSTKA

Guitar  **Moderato**

1. When I was a lit - tle boy, my ma - ma kept me in;
 Now I'm goin' to be a man, she kaint do that a - gain.

CHO.       

Go - in' to Lit - tle Creek a - fore long, Go - in' to Lit - tle Creek a - fore long,
 Go - in' to Lit - tle Creek a - fore long To see that gal of mine.






2. Yonder comes a pretty girl, I'll tell you how I know,
Head is full of golden curls a hangin' down so low.
3. Lips are like the roses red, her hair is golden brown,
I'm goin' to see that pretty girl before the sun goes down.
4. Finger ring, hit's finger ring, hit shines as bright as gold,
I'm goin' to marry that pretty girl before she gets too old.
5. One thing I would never do to trouble of her mind,
We'll never, never quarrel about who's goin' to sleep behind.

HOW MANY BISCUITS CAN YOU EAT

45

Arranged by SKYLAND SCOTTY

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is on a single staff with guitar chords indicated by letters (G, C, G, D7, A7) and fret numbers. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score is divided into three systems, each with a guitar staff and a vocal staff. The first system includes the lyrics '1. How man-y bis-cuits can you eat this morn-ing, How man-y bis-cuits'. The second system includes 'can you eat this morn-ing, How man-y bis-cuits can you eat,'. The third system includes 'But-tered hot with 'lass-es sweet, This morn-ing, this eve-ning, right now.'.

2. Make my coffee good and strong this morning,
Make my coffee good and strong this morning,
Make my coffee good and strong,
Keep on bringing your biscuits along,
This morning, this evening, right now.
3. Aint no use of me working so hard this morning,
Aint no use of me working so hard this morning,
Aint no use of me working so hard,
I got a sweetie in a white man's yard
This morning, this evening, right now.
4. Killed a chicken and she saved me the wing this morning,
Killed a chicken and she saved me the wing this morning,
Killed a chicken and she saved me the wing,
Thinks I'm a-working but I aint doin' a thing
This morning, this evening, right now.
5. Love my wife and I love my babe this morning,
Love my wife and I love my babe this evening,
Love my wife and I love my baby,
Love my biscuit sopped in gravy,
Morning, this evening, right now.

CAROLINA MOUNTAIN HOME

By SKYLAND SCOTTY

CAROLINA MOUNTAIN HOME
 By SKYLAND SCOTTY
 Valse Moderato
 1. Blue Ridge, Blue Ridge, my mountain home, Like you I'm blue ev'ry day. Home folks, my
 own folks, I'm com-ing home, Nev-er a-gain will I stray. Car-o-li-na moun-tain home,
 Where skies are blue, Car-o-li-na moun-tain home, where
 hearts are true. Take me back to the shack where I long to be, Lay my head on the bed my
 mam-my made for me. Car-o-li-na Hills, I'm blue, lone-some just for you.

WINKING AT ME

47

Playfully

Arr. by SIDNEY COOPER

1. Kind friends your at - ten - tion I'll ask for a - while; I'll try to a - muse you in my sim - ple
2. Down there sits a young man dressed up in good taste By the side of that girl, with his arm round her
3. Over there sits a mar - ried man he ought to be home, A chop - ping stove wood for his wife and his

style. With play - ing and sing - ing I'm sure it must be, But how can I sing when they're wink - ing at me,
waist, A false heart - ed fel - ler he sure - ly must be, For he makes love to her and keeps wink - ing at me,
own. No won - der you blush mar - ried man that you be, While you sit by your wife you keep wink - ing at me.

CHORUS
A - wink - in' at me, a - wink - in' at me, Oh how can I sing when they're a - wink - in' at me. A -

wink - in' at me, a - wink - in' at me, Oh how can I sing when they're a - wink - in' at me.

4. Out here sits a young man, is he getting red?
I happen to know he's engaged to be wed.
He's holding the hand of his pale girl I see,
And to top it all off he keeps winking at me.

5. Now I'm not so pretty I very well know,
To cause all the men here to keep gawking so,
My shoes and my ruffles it surely must be,
For they all take one look and start winking at me.

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AUNT JEMIMA'S PLASTER

Swingy

Arr. by SKYLAND SCOTTY

1. Aunt Je - mi - ma she was old but ver - y kind and clew - er, She had a no - tion

all her own that she would mar - ry ne - ver. She said that she would live in peace and

none could be her mas - ter, She made her liv - ing day by day In sell - ing of a plas - ter.

CHO. Sheep-skin, par - a - fin, bees - wax, flax - seed, But - ter - milk, sweet - milk, wheat - flour dough,

Horse - glue, fish - glue, pine - tar, smart - weed; Put them in the ov - en and you bake it sort of slow.

Pry it up, tie it up, throw it on, sew it on, Cures an-y-thing from a chill to a cough,
And you'll have trouble when you try to get it off.

2. A neighbor had a Thomas cat
That was an awful glutton,
He never caught a mouse or rat,
But stole both milk and mutton.
They tried so hard to keep him home
But none could be the master
Until they plugged the cat hole up
With Aunt Jemima's plaster.

3. So if you have a Thomas cat,
A husband, wife or lover
That you wish to keep at home,
This plaster just discover.
And if you wish to live in peace,
Avoiding all disaster,
Take my advice and try the strength
Of Aunt Jemima's plaster.

THE ANSWER TO KITTY CLYDE

By H. L. FRISBIE

1. They will come down, or more to the stream, Kit-ty, To the sweet lit-tle brook beneath the
mill, And with low and plaintive moan will its wild waters hurry on To the river that winds by the

mill; Oh the flow-ers will bloom just as bright, Kit-ty, And the wild birds sing sweet in the
bough, But I seek for you in vain, thro' the for-est, on the plain, Oh Kit-ty, dear, my heart is break-ing
now. My own Kit-ty, dear Kit-ty, Kit-ty of the sil-ver ma-ple glen, I may
seek the lit-tle nook By the mu-sic haunt-ed brook, But I'll nev-er see my Kit-ty Clyde a - gain.

2. Here's your basket and line, they're unused, Kitty,
And the rust gathers thick on the hook,
And the grass is tall and rank on the mossy shaded bank,
And it covers the path to the brook.
There's a sigh on the voice of the wind, Kitty,
And the flowers seem to weep tears of dew,
And the little stars above that once smiled upon my love
Are ever watching, Kitty dear for you.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

51

Moderato

Arr. by Skyland Scotty

1. I've trav-eled a-bout a bit of my time Of troubles I've seen a few, But I find it bet-ter in
 2. I have no wife to bother my life, No lov-er to prove un-true, But all day long with a
 3. If a hur-ri-cane rise in the mid-day skies And the sun be lost to view, Move stead-i-ly by with a

ev-ry clime To paddle my own ca-noe. My wants are small I care not at all If my bills are paid when
 laugh or song I paddle my own ca-noe. I rise with the lark and from daylight till dark I do what I have to
 steadfast eye And paddle your own ca-noe. The daisies that grow on the bright green fields Are bloom ing just for

CHORUS
 due. I'm care-less of wealth if I on-ly have health To pad-dle my own ca-noe.
 do. I drive a-way strife on the o-cean of life while I pad-dle my own ca-noe. Then love your neighbor
 you. You nev-er will sigh If you on-ly will try To pad-dle your own ca-noe.

as yourself As the world you go trav'ling thru, And nev-er set down with a tear or a frown But paddle your own ca-noe.

LOVING HANNAH

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes various chords and arpeggiated figures. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a final cadence.

1. I rode to church last Sun-day, My true love passed me by- I could tell she did - n't
love me By the roll - ing of her eye. The rain crow cried so mourn - ful, And the
sky it looked so blue, I could not keep from cry - ing, My po - ny he cried too.

2. Oh Hannah, loving Hannah,
You gave me your right hand,
You said if ever you married
That I would be your man.
But now you've broken your promise,
Go marry whoever you please,
And while my heart is a-breakin'
Yours will take its ease.
3. When her parents saw me coming,
They flew into a rage,
You must not steal our daughter
For she is under age.
Kind sir, for to steal your daughter
I never yet did try,
But to woo her and to wed her
I never will deny.

4. My love's both young and proper,
Her hands and feet are small,
And she is gay and winsome,
And that's the best of all.
Her hair as dark as a raven,
Her eye as black as a crow,
Her cheek's as red as a rose,
That blooms in the morning glow.
5. Now if I was on the ocean
Or in some foreign town,
I'd set my foot in a bonnie boat
And sail this world around.
And while that ship was a-sailing,
I'd pray for the winds to blow
And carry me home to Hannah
Because I love her so.

ANY SUCH A THING

53

Lively

Arr. by Skyland Scotty

1. Guess what I done with the old sow's nose, Made the best shovel plow ev-er plowed rows, Oh, a
 2. Guess what I done with the old sow's head, Made the best rail mauler ever you could maid, Oh, a
 3. Guess what I done with the old sow's ears, Made the best horn blower ever you could blow, Oh, a
 4. Guess what I done with the old sow's hair, Made the best lady bustle ever you could wear, Oh, a
 5. Guess what I done with the old sow's hide, Made the best side saddle ever you could ride, Oh, a

shovel plow, plow shovel, Any such a thing. The old sow had the measles when she died last spring.
 rail mauler, mauler rail, Any such a thing. The old sow had the measles when she died last spring.
 horn blower, blower horn, Any such a thing. The old sow had the measles when she died last spring.
 lady bustle, bustle lady, Any such a thing. The old sow had the measles when she died last spring.
 side saddle, saddle side, Any such a thing. The old sow had the measles when she died last spring.

JOHNSON BOYS

Moderato

Arr. by Skyland Scotty

John-son boys reled in the bush-es, Did-n't know how to court a maid, Turn their backs and hide their face, as,

CHO.
 Sight of a pret-ty girl makes 'em afraid, Sight of a pret-ty girl makes 'em afraid, Sight of a pret-ty girl makes 'em afraid.

2. Johnson Boys, they went a-courtin',
Johnson Boys, they got beat,
Tied their shoes with rawhide laces,
Didn't know where to put their feet. *(Repeat)*
3. Johnson Boys, they went a-hunting,
Lost their dogs and went astray,
Tore their clothes and scratched their faces,
Didn't get home till the break of day. *(Repeat)*
4. Johnson Boys went to the city
Ridin' in a Chevrolet,
Come back home broke and a-walkin',
Had no money for to pay their way. *(Repeat)*

THE OLD RED CRADLE

Music by
SKYLAND SCOTTY

Moderato

1. Take me back to the days when the old red cradle rocked, In the sun-shine of years that have
fled, To the good old trust-y days when the door was nev-er locked And we
knew our neigh-bor meant just what he said. I re-mem-ber of my years I had
num-bered al-most seven, And the old red cra-dle stood a-against the wall I was

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system includes a vocal line, a piano accompaniment, and a 'CHO.' (choir) part. The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. Chord symbols (C, F, G7, D7) are placed above the vocal lines to indicate the harmony. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

young-est of the five and two had gone to heav'n, But the old red cra-dle rocked us
all. Rock - ing, rock-ing, gent-ly rock-ing, Keep-ing
time with the tick of the clock up-on the wall. One by one the sec-onds
mark - ing The old red cra-dle rocked us all.

2. While the old red cradle rocked, brother, sister in it lay,
And it gave to me the sweetest rest I've known.
But tonight the tears will flow, and I'll let them have their way
For the passing years are leaving me alone.
By my mother it was rocked when the evening meal was laid,
And again I seem to see her as she smiled.
When the rest were all in bed, it was then she knelt and prayed
By the old red cradle and her child.

NEVER TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER

Arr. by LULU BELLE

Slowly

Now fel-lers I'd like to tell you some-thing, Some-thing that aint ver-y new — If you

want to know how to get a-long with the girls I'll tell you just what to do — Al-ways have plenty of

mon-ey — Take it where-ev-er you go — If you want a kiss, Don't ask her — If you

do she's sure to say no. — But nev-er take no for an an-swer — Kiss her when-ev-er you

can — Wheth-er she will or wheth-er she won't She al-ways will hol-ler now don't.

CHORUS

8

2. When you call on her in the evening
Never set way cross the room
Remember a chair holds a couple
Whenever the parlor's in bloom.

When you call on her in the evening
Always take something for Ma
And never take No for an answer
Unless it comes from a Pa.

63

THE LADIES' MAN

Moderato

Old mas-a love a song, old miss love silk, The piggies they love but-ter-milk, And ev-er since this

world be-gan The la-dies love a la-dies man, I love to sing a song to the la-dies,

love to dance a-long with the la-dies. When-ev-er I be on wa-ter or land I'm bound to be the la-dies man.

2. The squirrel, he love the hickory tree,
The clover love the bumble bee,
The flies they love molaasses and
The ladies love a ladies' man.
I love to be the beau of the ladies,
I love to shake a toe with the ladies.
Long as ever I know sugar from sand
I'm bound to be the ladies' man.

3. The black snake love the black bird's nest,
The baby love his mammy's breast,
And rag a tag or spick and span
The ladies love a ladies' man.
I'm naturally gallant with the ladies,
I'm born with a talent for the ladies,
Long as I can breathe or see or stand,
I'm bound to be the ladies' man.

4. Heap more than the watermelon juice
Or possum pie, or roasted goose,
Or soppin' of the gray pan
The ladies love a ladies' man
I love to roll my eyes to the ladies
I love to sympathize with the ladies,
You'll find it on the map in the contract plan
I'm bound to be the ladies' man.

5. Some day this world's coming to an end,
I don't know how, I don't know when,
But that never troubles Dandy Dan,
I'm bound to be the ladies' man.
When I hand in my checks, oh my ladies,
Mighty little I expects, Oh my ladies,
But wherever I've sent, they must understand
That I'm bound to be the ladies' man.

LITTLE STOCKINGS BY THE FIRE

Revised by Skyland Scotty

1. Shades of night are slow-ly fall-ing, All the world is white with snow. Moan-ing winds are soft-ly

call-ing, As a-bout the house they go. Christ-mas bells are loud-ly clang-ing, In the

house a child-ish choir, Child-ish hands are bus-y hang-ing Lit-tle stock-ings by the fire.

CHO.
Lit-tle stock-ings by the fire, Near the snow banked win-dow pane, Lit-tle {girl} {boy} your hearts de-

sire San-ta Claus has come a-gain.

2. Gone is youth and childish pleasures,
Gone to ne'er return again.
Memory holds them mongst its treasures
With a joy that's kin to pain.
Ah! How clearly I remember Christmas Eves of
long ago
When my eyes were blessed with seeing
Little stockings in a row.

BRING BACK TO ME MY WANDERING BOY

59

Arr. by Lulu Belle

Moderato

1. Out in this cold world and far a-way from home, Some-bod-y's boy is wan-der-ing a-lone, With
 2. Out in the hall-way there stands a va-cant chair, Here are the shoes my boy used to wear,
 3. I nev-er will forget those parting words he said, We'll meet up yon-der where no part-ing tears are shed,


no one to love him and guide his foot-steps right, Some-bod-y's boy is wan-der-ing to-night.
 Empty is the cra-dle, the place he lov'd so well, Oh how I miss him there's no tongue can tell.
 In the land of sun-shine a-way from toil and care, When through on earth won't you meet me up there.

CHO.
 Bring back to me my wan-der-ing boy, For there's no oth-er left to bring me joy,

Tell him that his moth-er with fad-ed cheeks and hair, At the old home is wait-ing in prayer.

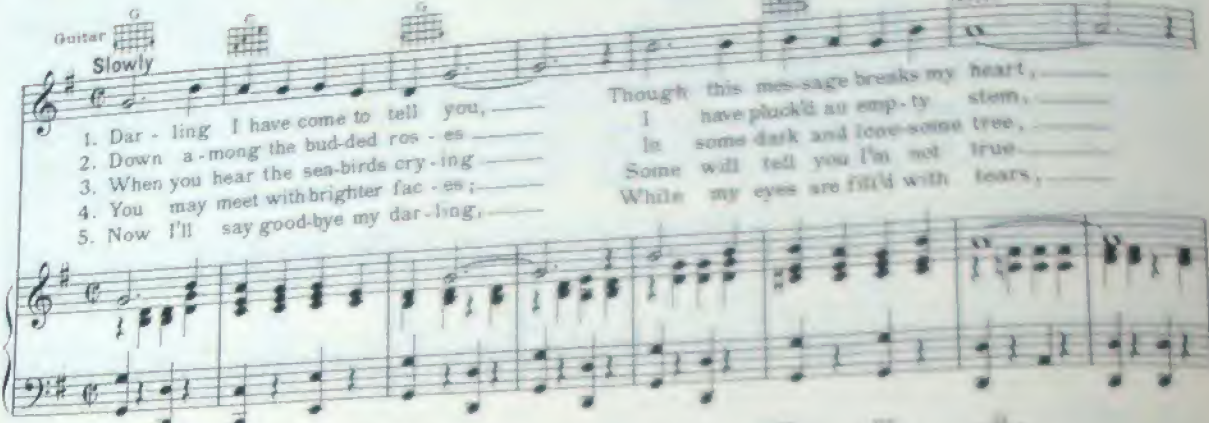
LITTLE BUNCH OF ROSES





Arranged by SKYLAND SCOTTY

Guitar  **Slowly**

1. Dar - ling I have come to tell you, ————
 2. Down a - mong the bud-ded ros - es ————
 3. When you hear the sea-birds cry - ing ————
 4. You may meet with brighter fac - es; ————
 5. Now I'll say good-bye my dar - ling; ————

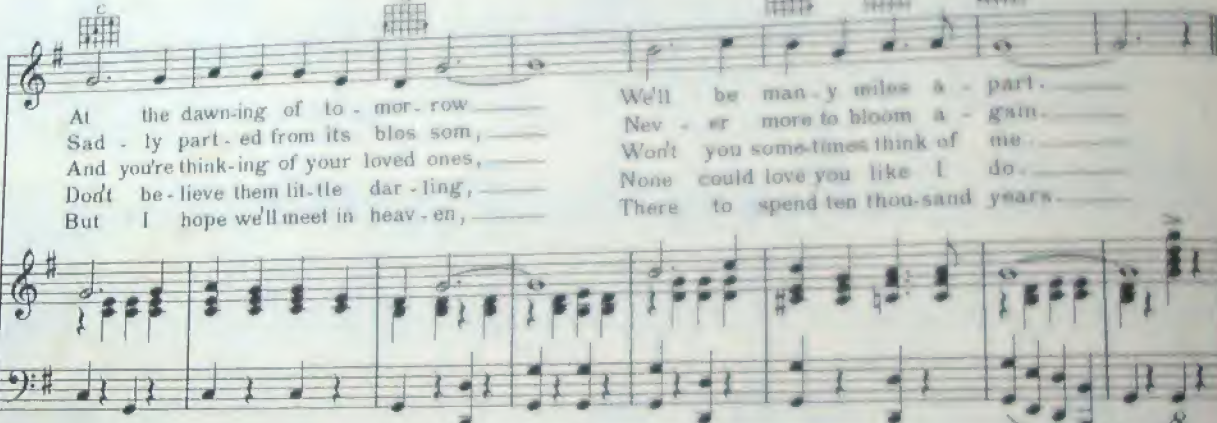
Though this mes - sage breaks my heart, ————
 I have pluck'd an emp - ty stem, ————
 In some dark and lone - some tree, ————
 Some will tell you I'm not true, ————
 While my eyes are fill'd with tears, ————








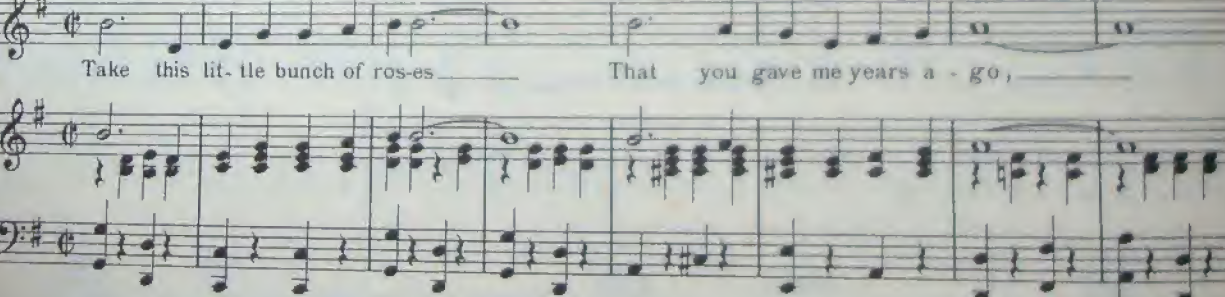
At the dawn - ing of to - mor - row ————
 Sad - ly part - ed from its blos - som, ————
 And you're think - ing of your loved ones, ————
 Don't be - lieve them lit - tle dar - ling, ————
 But I hope we'll meet in heav - en, ————






We'll be man - y miles a - part. ————
 Nev - er more to bloom a - gain. ————
 Won't you some - times think of me. ————
 None could love you like I do. ————
 There to spend ten thou - sand years. ————



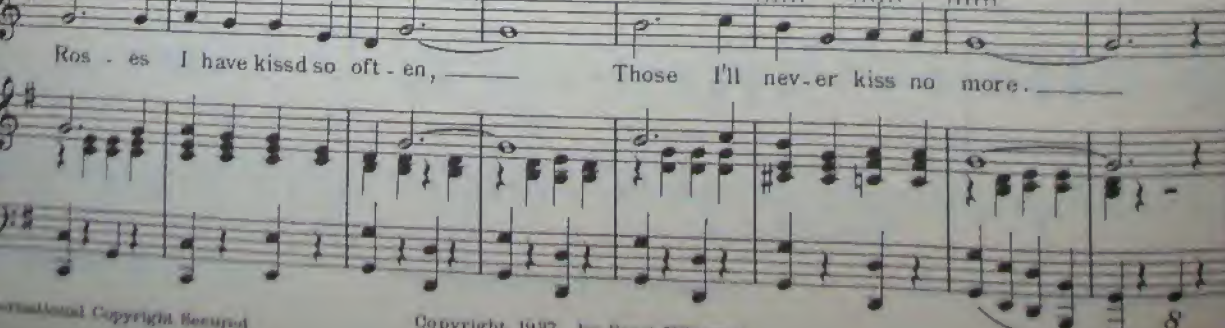
CHORUS     

Take this lit - tle bunch of ros - es ———— That you gave me years a - go, ————



Ros - es I have kiss'd so oft - en, ———— Those I'll nev - er kiss no more. ————



WHEN THE STARS BEGIN TO SHINE
BY SKYLAND SCOTTY

By SKYLAND SCOTTY & PAT MacADORY

I re-mem-ber lit-tle dar-ling When you prom-is'd to be mine On a
love-ly sum-mer eve-ning When the stars be-gan to shine Down the lane and by the
riv-er We would wan-der all a-lone That is when we knew no sor-row
And I called your heart my own I will miss you lit-tle dar-ling When the stars be-gin to
shine This poor heart with grief is bro-ken Still you know'tis ev-er thine

A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY

Arr. by Jan E. Kapustka

Moderato

One day as I wan-dered I heard a com-plain-ing, And saw a poor wo-man, The pic-ture of gloom. She

glared at the mud on her door-step, 'Twas raining, And this was her wail as she wield-ed her broom.

CHO. Oh life is a toil, and love is a trou-ble, And beau-ty will fade, And rich-es will flee; And

pleas-ures they dwindle, And pri-ces they dou-ble, And noth-ing is what I could wish it to be..

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a 'Moderato' tempo marking. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes guitar chords: G, C, D7, and G. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'One day as I wan-dered I heard a com-plain-ing, And saw a poor wo-man, The pic-ture of gloom. She glared at the mud on her door-step, 'Twas raining, And this was her wail as she wield-ed her broom. CHO. Oh life is a toil, and love is a trou-ble, And beau-ty will fade, And rich-es will flee; And pleas-ures they dwindle, And pri-ces they dou-ble, And noth-ing is what I could wish it to be..'

2. There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet,
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt,
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it,
There's nothing that lasts us but trouble and dirt
3. It's sweeping at six and it's dusting at seven,
It's victuals at eight and it's dishes at nine,
It's potting and panning and panning from ten to eleven,
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

4. With grease, grime and cobwebs from corner to center,
Forever at war and forever alert,
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter,
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.
5. Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever
On a far little Isle in the midst of the sea,
My one chance for life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves as they swept over me.
6. Alas 'twas no dream for again I behold it,
I yield and am helpless my fate to avert
I'm getting behind while I'm standing and singing,
So I must be off to get rid of some dirt.

63

PRETTY LITTLE DEVILISH MARY

Moderato

1. When I was young and in my prime, I thought I nev - er would
 2. We both were young and fool - ish, We got in a might - y big
 3. We hadn't been married but a few short weeks Till we got in - to
 4. She washed my clothes in old soap suds, She brushed my back with

mar - ry But I fell in love with a pret - ty lit - tle girl And sure e - nough I mar - ried.
 hur - ry And we de - cided with a few short words That the wedding day was Thurs - day.
 trou - ble And ev - 'ry time I'd look'd cross - eyed, She'd hit me in the head with a shov - el.
 switch - es She let me know I had to mind And she was goin' to wear the britch es.

CHO. Ring tum a tin tin tar - ry The prettiest lit - tle girl that I ev - er saw, Her name was dev - il - ish Mar - y.

We hadn't been married but a few more weeks
 Till we thought we'd better be parted,
 And then she ups with her little duds
 And down the road she started.

Now, if I marry the second time
 It will not be for riches,
 It'll be a little girl about four feet tall
 So she can't wear my britches.

TWO LITTLE FROGS

Arr. by Skyland Scotty

Moderato

1. There was a lit-tle frog lived down in the spring, Sing a song kit-ty with a ki-me-o. He
made the woods a-round him ring, Sing a song kit-ty with a ki-me-o. Ke-mo, ki-mo,
da-ra-way, high-ho, dum-de-rum a-rid-dle dum-a dinc-tum, A lit-tle grain o' poke root,
snake root, dock root, pen-ny-royl tea, Sing a song kit-ty with a ki-me-o.

2. Another little frog lived over in the pool,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
I think he was just a great big fool,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
3. Both little frogs jumped into the well,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
And to this world they said farewell
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
4. One little frog gave up to drown,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
But the other little frog kept paddling around,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
5. When morning came one frog was gone,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
But the other little frog kept swimming right along,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
6. Down came a water bucket, flippety flop,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
This frog jumped in and he rode to the top,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
7. Now that is the end of this little song,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.
If the shoe fits you just put it on,
Sing a song kitty with a ki-me-o.

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100

WLS

BARN DANCE FAVORITES

PIONEER SONGS
SOUTHERN SONGS
COWBOY SONGS
FIDDLE TUNES
SACRED SONGS
MOUNTAIN SONGS
HOME SONGS

COMPILED BY JOHN LAIR

from the
**MUSIC
LIBRARY**
of WLS
The Prairie
Farmer Station
Chicago

Published by **M.M. COLE** Publishing Co., *Chicago*

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....foreword

Since our first broadcast a goodly percentage of the tremendous mail received daily at WLS has come from listeners anxious to secure the words and music to some particular song heard on this station. Naturally we have been unable to take care of all these requests individually, but we have felt that we might handle a majority of them by gathering one hundred of those numbers most in demand into a folio collection which we could afford to offer at a price but little in excess of that of a single song. The result of our efforts—"100 WLS BARN DANCE FAVORITES"—is now in your hands.

In view of the fact that we staged a song popularity contest to learn definitely just what songs and tunes were most in demand, it might seem that the compilation of this song book was merely a question of arithmetic. It was not, however, as simple a matter as counting the votes and listing the one hundred most popular numbers.

In the first place, we had to eliminate at once all published and copyrighted numbers on which we could not obtain publication rights. A few of the prime favorites were lost in this way. Others were discarded when we decided to omit numbers so common as to be found in almost any song book. Our aim was to give you in this collection the greatest possible number of songs not obtainable elsewhere. In a few instances we yielded to the wishes of the artists themselves and included *their* favorite number rather than the one most frequently mentioned in connection with them by our listeners. In only one matter have we exercised the editorial prerogative and included numbers not familiar to all WLS listeners and not well up in the voting in the popularity contest. Our offense in this direction has been the inserting of eight old-time numbers which we hope by this means to revive and bring back into favor. These numbers, such as "I'm Going Home to Clo", "Over the Hills To the Poor House," "Save My Mother's Picture From the Sale" etc., have been great favorites with the readers of our "Notes From the Music Library" in STAND BY! They have been assigned to your favorite entertainers for use on the air and will, we feel sure, justify their place in this collection.

Outside of the exceptions listed above, we have religiously followed the expressed wishes of our listeners in making up this book, and the songs you'll find between these covers are the ones you and your neighbor asked for.

To add to your enjoyment of this collection of favorite songs and tunes, we have endeavored to identify each number with the artist by whom it was introduced on WLS. A miniature likeness of each artist appears in the art heading of the song of his choice or the one with which he is most closely identified.

In this book you will meet many old friends. Tommy Dandurand, first barn dance fiddler, is here with his favorite "break-down". "Irish Washerwoman"—the first tune played on the first WLS barn dance. You'll renew your acquaintance with Chubby Parker, who with his clear tenor voice and little banjo was the first to bring to radio the home songs of America. A little further on you'll come across Bradley Kincaid, first to call attention to the Kentucky Mountains as a reservoir of true American folk music. As you turn the pages of this book, the entertainers and the songs that have made and are still making WLS such a great favorite with common every-day folks will pass in review.

"100 WLS BARN DANCE FAVORITES" is as old as WLS itself and as new as last Saturday night's barn dance. We believe you will treasure it through the years as a real souvenir of many happy hours spent before your radio.

JOHN LAIR,

WLS Music Department.

We
dedicate this
book to the
memory of
Linda Parker,
Our little
Sunbonnet
Girl



Her
sweet voice first
brought you many
of the songs which
you will find in
this book. Below
is her favorite

Lj

Bury Me Beneath The Willow

Moderato

1. My heart is sad and I am lone - ly Think - ing of the one I love I
CHO. Then bu - ry me be - neath the wil - low, Be - neath the weep - ing wil - low tree And

know that I shall never more see - him, till we meet in heav - en a - bove.
when his home where I am sleep - ing then per - haps he'll weep - for me.

There had we once been good friends, but how could I believe them true
"You'll be with me when I'm gone" "The day I'm gone, you'll be with me."

Tomorrow was our wedding day; God, oh, God, where can he be?
He's gone away to wed another and no more he cares for me.



TAKE ME BACK TO RENFRO VALLEY



Linda Parker

BY
JOHN LAIR

Slowly

Guitar Chords

1. I was born in Ren-fro Val - ley — But I drif-ted far a - way,
2. Oth - ers own the old plan - ta - tion — When I can call it home no more,
3. Take me back to Ren-fro Val - ley — I'm free from earth-ly care:

I've been back to see the old home And my friends of oth-er days.
Oth - er forms are at the fire - side, Oth - er chil-dren round the door,
Lay me down by Dad and Moth - er, Let me sleep for-ev - er there.

Gone were old fa-mil - iar fac - es — All the friends I used to know,
Oth - er voic-es sing the old songs, When the eve-ning sun is low,
When its springtime in the moun - tains And the dog-wood blos-soms blow

Things have chang'd in Ren-fro Val - ley, Since the days of long a - go,
Moth - er, sang in Ren-fro Val - ley, In the days of long a - go,
And he, back in Ren-fro Val - ley, As in days of long a - go.



WHEN ITS PRAYER MEETING TIME IN THE HOLLOW



BY AL RICE and FLEMING ALLAN

Phoebe Williams

Guitar Chords

Valse Moderato

A long, winding pathway leads over the hill And when all is still I hear the whispering

calls from that wood-land my heav-en to be, And tells me she waits pa-tient-ly

CHORUS

When it's pray'r meet-in' time in the hol-low, In that vine covered shrine neath the pines Then the

one that I love sends a pray'r up a - bove, When we once pledged our love so di - vine Till the

day I go back to that hol-low I will fol-low that old gold-en rule For it taught me to

E7 Am7 Cm6 G D7 G Ddim D7 G

pray And to live for the day When we'll meet in the hol low back home When it's home.



I feel just as happy
as a big sunflower



Lulubelle ****

Guitar Chords G Am A7 D7 G D7 G Revised by LULUBELLE

Allo Moderato

1. There is a charm I can't ex-plain a-bout a girl I've seen My heart beats fast when
eyes are bright as eve-ning stars, so lov-ing and so shy, And the folks all stop and

Am A7 D7 G G CHORUS G

she goes past in a dark dress trim'd in green, Her look a-round when - ev - er she goes by. And I feel just as hap-py as a big sun flow'r That

A7 D7 G Am A7 D7 G

nods and bends in the breez-es, And my heart is as light as the wind that blows, the leaves from off the tree - zez.

2.
As days passed on and we became like friends of olden times
I thought the question I would pop and ask her to be mine.
But the answer I received next day, how could she treat me so?
Instead of being mine for life she simply answered "No".

3.
I went next day dressed in my best this young girl for to see
To ask her if she would explain why she had shaken me.
She said she really felt quite sad to cause me such distress,
And when I said "Won't you be mine?" of course she answered "Yes".

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Sitting Round The Old Fireside at Home ***

By JOHN LAIR and HUGH CROSS



HUGH CROSS

Slowly

F D7 G7 C7 F

Two old souls are filled with joy, Two old fa-ces bright, Two old hearts a-glow with love and pride;

mp

F D7 G7 C7 F

All be-cause a wand-ring boy is back at home to-night, Sit-ting 'round the old fire - side.

CHORUS

F D7 G7 C7 F

It's so peace-ful here to - night, By the back logs cheer-y light, Sit-ting round the old fire-side at

F E7 A7 F D7 G7

home sweet home. Both my Dad and Moth-er dear, are so glad to have me here, I've

made a vow that I no more would roam. As I strum up - on my old gui - tar it

seems. To bring them sweet con - tent and peace - ful dreams. They're both get - ting old and gray

Soon they'll pass a - way. And no more we'll sit a - round the old fire - side.

RECITATION—Chorus for background.

Yes, Dad and Mother's happy now. Their boy's back home, to stay.
I'll never bring them grief again by wandering away.

For when I look and see those threads of silver in their hair
It breaks my heart to realize I helped to put them there.

And as they doze around the fire I think of nights, long fled,
When hand in hand they leaned above my little trundlebed
And tucked me in and sang to me by gleaming candlelight
An old sweet song that's running through my memory tonight.

My fingers sweep across the strings to strike that simple tune
With which they once lulled me to sleep, and as I softly croon
The fire burns low upon the hearth, the flickering shadows creep
Across their tired old faces—and look—they're sound asleep!

PICK UP SONG ON:—

As I strum upon my old guitar it seems
To bring them sweet content and peaceful dreams.
They're both getting old and gray,
Soon they'll pass away,
And no more we'll sit around the old fireside.



Lone Loupuncher



Rambling Red Foley

By JOHN LAIR

Guitar Chords

Moderato

The bright stars are gleam-ing, it's night-time a - gain On the Banks of the old Cim-ar - roon The
 think of my meth-er, my dad and my gal, When the moon in the Hea-vens I see Since the

wild wolf is how-ling far out on the plain, By the light of the sil-ver-y moon. I
 day that I strayed from my old home cor - ral They've been wait-ing and pray-ing for me.

CHO.

Moon, keep on a - beam-ing on that old Ken-tuck-y shore, Yo-dee lay hee ho - ho yo-dee lay-hee ho - ho.

Moon, you've got me scherr-ing to be go - ing home once more, Yo-dee lay hee ho ho yo-dee lay hee. lay hee.

The life of a cowboy is
 Lonesome and rough,
 His passions are simple and true,
 Cal nights guard and herding
 For done had enough,
 And I am sure of my mind what to do.

2

I'll sell off my saddle,
 My brusk and my gun,
 I'll quit all my wild, rowdy ways,
 I'll punch no more cattle
 When the round-up is done
 I'll go home for the rest of my days



I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN



By THOMAS P. WESTENDORF

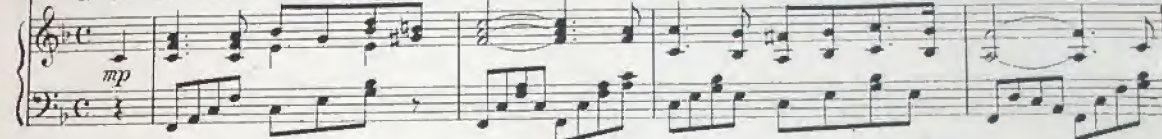
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Guitar Chords

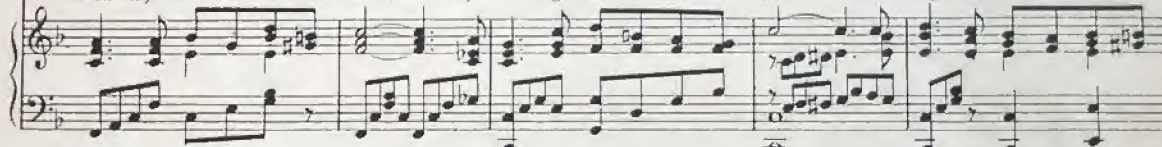


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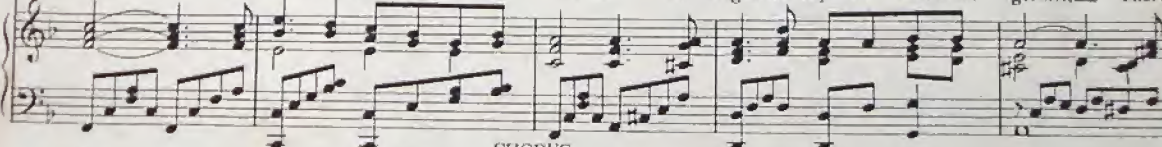
1. I'll take you home a-gain, Kath-leen, A-cross the o-cean wild and wide, To
2. I know you love me, Kath-leen, dear, Your heart was ev-er fond and true: I
3. To that dear home be-yond the sea, My Kath-leen shall a-gain re-turn, And



where your heart has ev-er been, Since first you were my bon-ny bride, The ro-ses all have left your
al-ways feel when you are near, That life holds nothing dear but you, The smiles that once you gave to
when thy old friends wel-come thee, Thy lov-ing heart will cease to yearn, Where laughs the lit-tle sil-ver



cheek, I've watch'd them fade a-way and die, Your voice is sad when-e'er you speak, And
me, I scarce-ly ev-er see them now, Tho' ma-ny, ma-ny times I see, A
stream, Be-side your moth-er's burn-ble cot, And bright-est rays of sun-shine gleam, There



CHORUS

tears be-dim your lov-ing eyes, Oh! I will take you back Kath-leen, To where your heart will feel no
dark-ning sha-dow on your brow, all your grief will be for-got.



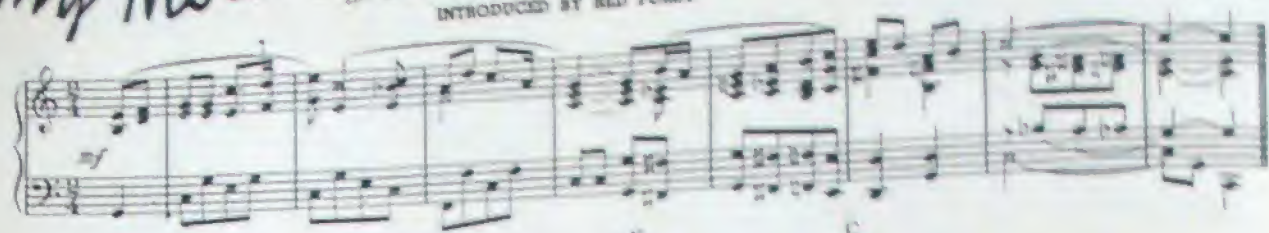
you, not when the fields are fresh and green, I'll take you to your home a-gain, Oh, gain.



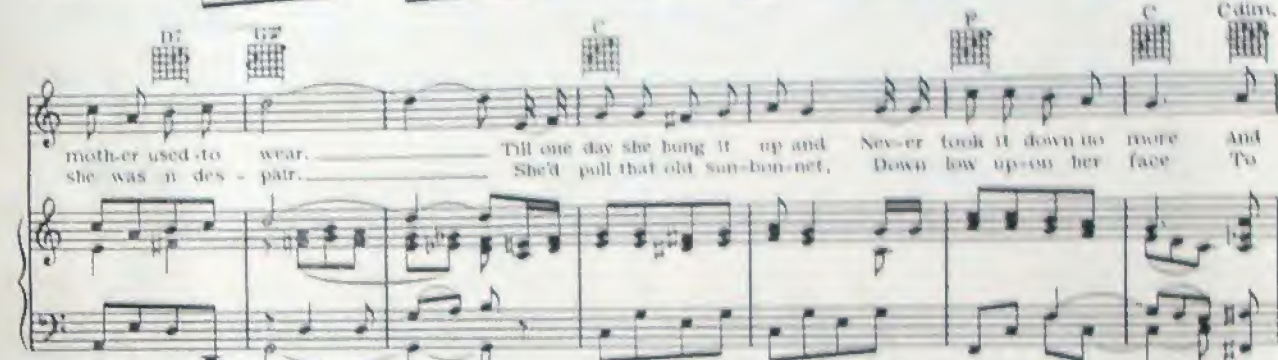
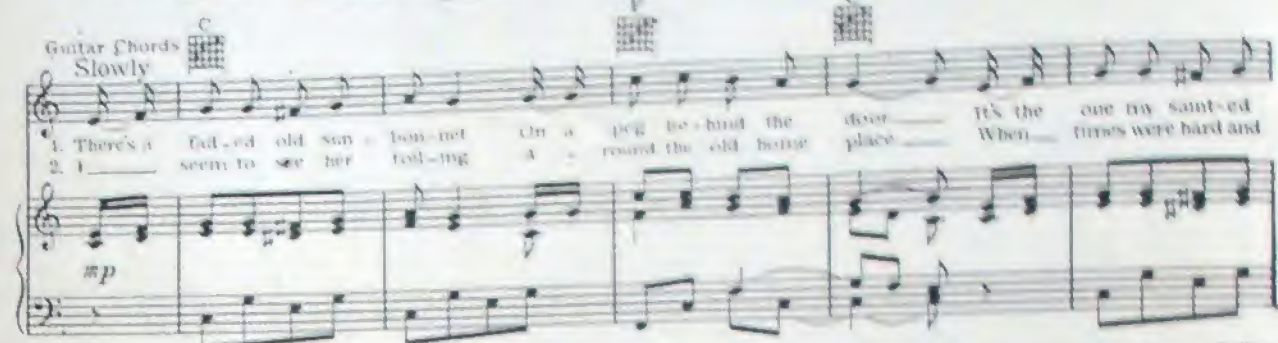
My Mother's Old Sun Bonnet

INTRODUCED BY RED FOLEY

By JOHN LAIR



Guitar Chords
Slowly



CHORUS

